

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Sydney harbour, where H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh disembarked yesterday after their voyage from New Zealand

In this number:

Portrait of Ibn Saud (Sir Reader Bullard)
The Cat that Walks by Itself (Jean Cocteau)
The Teller and the Told—I (Owen Holloway)

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Britain and the Two Generals

By MICHAEL CURTIS

I WANT to discuss two generals who have been giving us a certain amount of trouble lately: General Franco, dictator of Spain, and General Neguib, dictator of Egypt. General Franco has protested strongly about the visit of the Queen to Gibraltar on her way home from the Commonwealth tour. Spanish students were ordered into the streets, and the old cry was raised that we should return Gibraltar to its rightful landlords. I suppose that if we were perfectly rational we should have to admit that there is some justice in this claim. If the Isle of Wight were a Spanish fortress and Spanish warships were cruising within hailing distance of Bournemouth pier, we should not feel happy about it. But I must confess that I do not feel at all rational about Gibraltar or about General Franco. If the world were a safer place than it is, if we had not held Gibraltar for 240 years without once threatening Spanish security, our attitude might be different. But it goes deeper than that. The trouble with dictators is that they arouse emotions, and emotion is always a dangerous thing in diplomacy.

The reason for the General's sudden irruption into the world's headlines is not hard to explain. Franco had hoped that last summer's agreement with America, an agreement which provided bases for the American navy and air force in exchange for economic aid, would restore Spain to favour among the democracies. But it has not worked out that way. Even the Americans appear to be having second thoughts since it was revealed in Congress last week that there is no guarantee that Franco will allow America to use

those bases in the event of war. Perhaps the Caudillo has been too clever, and perhaps the latest anti-British outburst is just another case of a dictator trying desperately to re-establish his country's, and hence his own, self-respect. But I do not think we should ever forget that this ostracising of Spain has been a real tragedy for post-war Europe. The Spanish people have something to teach this frenzied world of ours—dignity, courtesy, patience, and friendliness: qualities we can ill-afford to lose. It has been a disaster for Spain, and for Europe, that one man and all that he stands for has prevented a reconciliation.

General Neguib is a rather different figure. He has not yet provoked the emotional distaste which his Spanish colleague inspires. We have an image of a friendly, pipe-smoking soldier who has risen to power by promising to clean up the appalling corruption of Egyptian politics under ex-King Farouk. His pictures in the newspapers, and his innumerable interviews with visiting journalists and politicians, suggest a homely, honest sort of tough-guy—a political Cary Grant, you might think. Perhaps he is. I have not yet had the privilege of meeting him. But I think that we should be under no illusions that he is a strong man and a very shrewd one. He has subdued all opposition with an iron hand. Democracy in Egypt has always been somewhat theoretical. Today even the forms have ceased to exist.

All this is clear enough, but I was rather astonished to hear so experienced a diplomat as Lord Killearn refer in a broadcast* to our relations with Egypt and particularly our attitude to the Suez

* See next page

Canal dispute as if they were precisely analogous to the policy we have adopted to Franco's protests about Gibraltar. According to Lord Killearn we turned Franco down flat and that is what we should do with Neguib. There are times, he argued, when only firmness pays dividends. We are in the Suez Canal by virtue of our rights under the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936—a treaty which expires in two years time—and we should say we intend to stay until a new treaty is drawn up. If the Egyptians do not like it, they—and we—must face the consequences. This argument is also supported by a small but influential section of the Conservative Party. It is not shared by Mr. Eden or the Government, and certainly not by Liberal or Labour opinion in this country. After all, the Suez Canal is not, and never has been, a part of the British Empire. After 1956 it will be difficult, to say the least, to uphold our right to station troops there in a court of international law.

The Egyptians have no absolute claim on Suez either. It has, time and again, been ruled that the strategic and commercial importance of this waterway which divides Europe and Asia from Africa—the crossroads of the world—is so great that its destiny must be of international concern. To surrender our historic role as policeman of this vital area without first being sure that these traditional international rights are still going to be respected would certainly be madness.

We cannot overlook the fact that at this moment Egypt is

refusing to allow even cargoes of food to pass through the canal if their destination is marked 'Israel'. And we are rightly determined that the enormous stake we have built in Middle East security—the huge and costly military bases in the Suez Zone—should not be thrown to the wolves.

But we do recognise, as I think we must, that these are bases on Egyptian soil (just as the Americans have bases on British or Spanish soil). And in the long and protracted negotiations with Egypt we have conceded that British troops shall be withdrawn but that British technicians must remain to keep those installations in proper order in case of emergency. But what constitutes an emergency? Under what conditions would the British Army be allowed to return? It is the same problem that confronts the Americans in regard to their bases in Spain. It is the key problem of one nation's pride and another's security. If we can only reconcile them amicably, a tremendous advantage will have been gained—for ourselves, for Egypt, and for world security.

I do not personally agree with Lord Killearn that we shall ever reach a solution by standing pat on our rights and by implicitly threatening force as our ultimate sanction. The world has changed a great deal in the last fifty years. We are not, let us face it, as strong as we once were. Our policy must surely, then, be to win the friendship and confidence of those nations who are important to our welfare and security.—*Home Service*

The Case for Standing Firm in Egypt

By the Rt. Hon. LORD KILLEARN

IT was a safe bet, in the light of our policy of concession, first over Abadan, next over the Sudan, and now over the Suez Canal zone, that it would not be long before we heard something about Gibraltar. The net result is that our position both at the eastern and the western end of the Mediterranean is being challenged, and, frankly, can we be surprised? Once you begin to give way it encourages others to follow suit in pressing their claims, and where is the process to end? Accordingly, it was refreshing not only to learn the firm line taken by the Government over the royal visit, as revealed in the House of Commons, but also to read in the newspapers about the cancellation of the visit of the British fleet to Spanish ports. One only wishes that our reaction at the other end of the Mediterranean, that is to say towards Egypt, had been equally firm. Is it still too late?

First of all a word about the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1936 which I helped to negotiate. It is commonly assumed that the treaty automatically expires in 1956. That is not so. For what does the treaty say—especially Article 16? This Article provides that by mutual consent the treaty can come up for revision after twenty years from its entry into force; that is, after December 22, 1956. And then follows the extremely significant phrase: 'It is agreed that any revision of this treaty will provide for the continuation of the alliance between the high contracting parties', that is, between Great Britain and Egypt. According to the letter of the treaty, therefore, far from its expiring automatically in twenty years—that is, in 1956—it was to be continued in a revised form of the Anglo-Egyptian alliance acceptable to both parties.

Unfortunately, in October 1951, the Egyptian Government of the day—the Wafd Government before General Neguib's coup—unilaterally tore up the treaty. But that does not detract from the fact that our position and legal rights under the treaty remain in our view perfectly valid and irrefutable in international law.

But the problem has not only its judicial but its practical side; and, despite the glaring irregularity of the Egyptian action, the British Government agreed to friendly discussions for the revision of the treaty before due date. According to the press, we seem to have gone a considerable way towards accepting a great diminution of our treaty rights. We appear to be contemplating the withdrawal of all our fighting

forces from the canal zone and the termination of the alliance. Indeed, according to the press, there are now only three points of disagreement still outstanding: duration of the new agreement; numbers and status of our so-called 'technicians' left to maintain the base; and the right of 'reactivation'—that is to say, re-entry of our forces in case of need.

On those three points we appear for the time being to have stuck. In my opinion, we should beware of accepting any compromise which does not fully safeguard the security of the canal and ensure the efficient maintenance of the base. Rather than that, surely we should do better to aim at getting back to our strict treaty rights and announce that we intend to do so. That would mean a gradual reduction of our forces from the present crisis strength to the 10,000 land forces and the 400 R.A.F. pilots prescribed by the treaty. At the same time we should declare that we are still genuinely anxious to come to an amicable settlement of this teasing problem: nobody knows better than I do from practical experience during the whole of the war what a friendly Egypt means. We should announce that we regret that the Egyptian terms so far offered cannot reasonably be accepted by us. If, then, unfortunate incidents occurred, the Prime Minister has already declared in the House of Commons on May 11 that our troops would naturally have no option but to defend themselves.

Granted, this attitude would entail a definite risk, but there are occasions in the lives of governments, as of individuals, when a decision has to be taken, either to let things slide (which is always so much easier), or to stand up for your rights and take the consequences. If we hold on to the base in the face of an unfriendly Egypt, it might make it harder for us to draw the full profit from it in an emergency. Against that there is the far greater risk of the loss of our leading position in the whole area of the Mediterranean and Middle East, throughout Africa, and indeed throughout the world. Those of us who feel that the Commonwealth still has an invaluable role to play in this distracted world take the view that we should preferably face the lesser risk involved and stand firm in Egypt. One would hope that if we did stand firm, opportunity might well offer for a revival of the scheme for an international Middle East command under the aegis of Nato, with Egypt as full partner.—*Home Service*

Soviet Georgia: Land of Contrast

By D. M. LANG

IN general, the Georgians are a well-built people, with dark hair and aquiline features. They tend to have bushy, beetling eyebrows and hawk-like noses. Their warlike ability has always been famous in the east, and they are fine horsemen. Until recent years, a Georgian scarcely ever went out without his gun and a belt full of daggers, for fear of sudden attacks by the hill tribesmen or some hostile neighbour. Even at mealtimes he would keep his dagger by him, and use it for chopping up the meat. The usual way of saying Good-morning is '*Gamarjoba!*', which means 'Victory!', and the reply is '*Gagimarjos!*', which means 'May you conquer!'



The State University at Tiflis, capital of Soviet Georgia

But with these martial qualities they have great dignity and charm of manner. You find little trace of servility and bowing and scraping between the different classes of society. They appreciate the good things of life. They produce their own excellent wine, and are lavish with hospitality. And they have a rich fund of folk-song and dances, which they accompany on the chongur, an instrument something like a balalaika. As well as enjoying singing and dancing, Georgians are great talkers, and will argue vivaciously until well into the night.

Their country is approximately the size of Scotland but with only about half the population of Scotland, rather over 2,000,000. In one way Wales is a useful comparison, because there you have a proud nation, with a long history of its own, obliged to enter into a rather unequal partnership with a stronger neighbour, England. The Georgians, like the Welsh in similar circumstances, have never lost their language or their distinctive culture. Far back, they belong to the same family as the Basques of France and Spain. When the ancestors of the Greeks and Italians of today arrived from the north, they drove away the tribes they found living round the Mediterranean coast, and the Georgians found shelter among the forests round the Black Sea and in the valleys backing on to the high Caucasus range—Shakespeare's 'frosty Caucasus'.

In geography and climate Georgia is a land of contrast. In the western part, where the country slopes down to the Black Sea, you have a lush, tropical region, with dense vegetation and malarial swamps. The eastern part, which includes Tiflis,

the capital, where a quarter of the population lives, is more like Spain or Italy, with hot, dry summers. Brooks and rivers flowing down from the mountains help to keep the land fertile in the valleys, though there are many stretches of arid waste land in between. Up in the hills, you have an Alpine type of landscape. The great snow-clad peaks of Mount Elbruz and Mount Kadbek dominate the scene. Shepherds and hunters live much as they have done for hundreds of years, little affected by the social changes going on in the cities below. Although the Georgians have a strong national feeling these different regions are reflected in the characteristics of the people. In eastern Georgia, the men of Kartli, where the capital city of Tiflis is, are supposed to have a certain aristocratic air. The Kakhians are popularly said to have the dogged and sturdy qualities of the buffalo that tills their fields. The western Georgians and Mingrelians, on the other hand, are noted for their mental agility and skill at making money.

Links between Georgia and the west go back over 2,000 years. In ancient times, the Greeks who went trading in the Black Sea brought back precious metals from there. The legend of the Golden Fleece is set in the part of Georgia called Colchis. The story has its foundation in the Georgians' method of getting gold out of mountain streams. They used to let the water filter through a sheep skin which caught the gold particles. Then all you had to do was to hang the fleece up and comb out the gold, if you were lucky. Incidentally Medea, the fair enchantress who so captivated Jason on the Golden Fleece expedition, was only the first of many famed Georgian beauties of history and romance. The Sultans of Turkey used to send their agents to carry off Georgian maidens for their seraglio. The Greeks, by the way, found the first pheasants in Georgia: called after the River Phasis which runs through the country into the Black Sea.

Until 1801, when Georgia was put under the dominion of Russia, the form of society was based on a feudal monarchy. The great nobles held their lands in return for military service to the king in time of

war. The royal house ruled in a very personal manner by the doctrine of divine right. The dynasty was called the Bagratids, or descendants of Bagrat, the same name as our Pancras. They claimed to be descended in the distant past from King David and King Solomon of Israel, though this was, of course, nothing but a convenient piece of propaganda.

Until a century ago the Georgian legal code included the same system of blood money or wergeld that we had in England in Anglo-Saxon times. Each class of society had its own rate or tariff of blood money, from about £5,000 for a prince or an archbishop, downwards. If one prince killed another, he had to pay the dead man's relatives the full tariff. If he wounded him or eloped with his wife, he



A tea-picking machine on a plantation in Soviet Georgia

had to pay the injured party a certain proportion of the full sum. Wounds were paid according to the number of barley corns that fitted into the scar. If the money was not paid, a vendetta began, which might end with the extermination of whole families.

The key event in early Georgian history is the nation's conversion to Christianity. Tradition relates that St. Nino, a Christian slave from Cappadocia, came to Georgia in the fourth century at the time of the Emperor Constantine the Great. She worked miracles which included an eclipse of the sun and a thunderbolt that destroyed the pagan idols. The king and queen and all the people were greatly impressed, and adopted the Christian faith. They had to resist efforts by the Persians to re-convert them to the fire-worshipping cult of Zoroaster. Then the Arabs invaded Georgia and tried to turn the people into Mohammedans. They were not very successful, though a number of Georgian Christians were martyred.

The arrival of the Crusaders in the Near East greatly encouraged the Georgians. This period was the Golden Age in Georgian history. Under King David the Builder and Queen Tamara, they constructed a powerful state and army and launched a real second front in the rear of the Saracens. They were good fighters and must have looked pretty fierce as well; a Patriarch of Jerusalem was surprised to note that they wore their hair and beards a cubit—nearly two feet—long. This same period of the Crusades saw the finest flowering of Georgian poetry. The national bard was Shota Rustaveli. His epic poem, 'The Man in the Panther's Skin', conveys a glowing picture of the romance and chivalry of the age. It is still a Georgian custom to give brides a finely bound copy of this poem as part of their dowry.

The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 was a great blow to Georgia. It meant that the country was cut off from direct contact with western Europe. She found herself ringed round by hostile countries—the Ottoman Empire to the west and the powerful new kingdom of the Shahs of Persia to the east. She was in this unhappy case for 300 years. In the eighteenth century there was a brief national revival under King Hercules II, who won victories over hostile neighbours and helped Nadir Shah of Persia to conquer India. But by 1783 the situation had become impossible, with the country being raided continually from Persia and Turkey. The kingdom had to be put under Russian protection. The Emperor Alexander I conveniently



A Georgian boy dancing to entertain his fellow-villagers

turned the protectorate into downright annexation, and made Georgia a Russian province.

She remained one for over a century, until the 1917 revolution. Then, like many other national minorities of the old Russian Empire, she set up a Social Democratic republic of her own. In the space of three years, the Georgian popular government under its President, the late Noah Jordania, made remarkable progress in modernising the country and reviving it as a nation. A university was established at Tiflis. The Georgian church, which the Tsars had placed under the Russian Holy Synod, was given back its independent position. Efforts were made to develop Georgian industry and make the country self-supporting. Delegations of British trades unionists who visited Georgia during this period brought back highly favourable accounts of the infant republic's free institutions and economic progress. In 1920 the Bolsheviks signed a pact of friendship and non-aggression with the Georgian Republic. The following year Soviet troops invaded Georgia and overwhelmed resistance by brute force and weight of numbers. Ironically enough, it was Stalin the Georgian who came in person to Tiflis to supervise the work of Bolshevising his homeland.

The country is now one of the constituent republics of the Soviet Union. Many Georgian patriots preferred death or exile to life under the domination of the Kremlin. But it would be unfair to give a totally negative picture of conditions in Georgia under Soviet rule. The oil refineries at Batum have grown in size. Important manganese deposits, which supplied western Europe in the days before 1914, now work for Soviet industry. The Black Sea region is well suited for tea-planting and grows almost the entire supply for the Russian housewives' samovar. Plantations of lemons and oranges have been greatly extended. Georgian wine is bottled and shipped to connoisseurs in Moscow and Leningrad. There is also a number of seaside resorts and mineral water spas which cater for the tired worker from the big cities of industrial Russia. The old city of Tiflis is now overshadowed by modern schools and factories. But in the bazaar quarter one may still meet representatives of all the varied people and tribes of the Caucasus; Persian metal workers and shoemakers carry on their crafts, Armenian stall-holders haggle over prices, and clansmen from the hills still swagger by in their high boots.—*Home Service*

Portrait of Ibn Saud

By SIR READER BULLARD

IN Chapter 50 of the *Decline and Fall* Gibbon abandoned 'the fleeting Caesars of Constantinople and Germany', and turned to the Moslem world. Of the Beduin he says: 'The life of a wandering Arab is a life of danger and distress; and though sometimes, by rapine or exchange, he may appropriate the fruits of industry, a private citizen in Europe is in the possession of more solid and pleasing luxury than the proudest emir who marches in the field at the head of ten thousand horse'.

The emir, however, might not thank Gibbon for solid luxury, which anchors you to the crowds and limitations of settled life, whereas the nomad, moving off into the bare desert with his camels, enjoys the portable luxuries of space and freedom. Ibn Saud for one: in his last years he commanded the luxuries that enormous oil royalties can buy, yet he regarded as the best time of his life the early years of 'danger and distress', spent mainly in the desert. He retained the simplicity of that life, drinking camel's milk and eating sparingly of plain food.

All he asked was that the meal should be spread out complete, to prevent the trap into which he declared one of his followers fell at the first meal on a liner, where he filled himself with *hors d'oeuvres*, thinking that there was nothing more to come.

The simple life was inevitable when, as a boy, he with his father and a few followers was in exile in Kuwait, while their territory was in the hands of their enemies, the Rashid family. It was with Kuwait as a base that Ibn Saud, with only fifteen followers, recaptured his capital, Riyadh, in one of the most daring raids in history. Even to hear him tell the tale forty years afterwards was an exciting experience. One night in 1902 the little band climbed over the high mud wall of the town and seized a house suitable for their purpose. It was near the spot where the Governor and his retinue, emerging at dawn from an inner fort, used to mount their horses for a morning ride. The plan was to attack him as he was putting his foot into the stirrup, but the excitement of the long vigil was too great, and the moment he emerged they rushed at him. He nearly

managed to retreat back into the fort, but Ibn Saud, six foot four and very powerful, seized him by the shoulders, tore him from his followers' grip, and killed him. The town was taken, and the foundations of Ibn Saud's fortunes were laid.

The foundations might have remained without superstructure, if Ibn Saud had been the ordinary Arab shaiikh; but besides great ability as a war leader and unusual political acumen he possessed caution and patience, qualities rare in the Arab who, as he says of himself, has his brains in his eyes. Ibn Saud was to effect three other great coups: the ejection of the Turks from the Hasa province; the defeat of the Rashid family and the annexation of their territory; and the acquisition of the Hijaz through the defeat of King Hussein and his son Ali. Each coup was planned long beforehand, and each was permanent. It is no slur on the reputation of Ibn Saud to say that the permanence was perhaps due in part to the 1914 war, and to the resulting treaty whereby the Turks abandoned all claim to the Arab provinces. After the expulsion of their garrisons from Hasa, the Young Turks could do no more than persuade Ibn Saud to recognise the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan. They could never have turned this into a reality, but it does not follow that a regenerated Turkey such as that of Ataturk could not have enforced its authority in Arabia. Happily for both parties this was never put to the test: the Arabs tended to grow up twisted under Turkish rule; the Turks, on the other hand, got little out of the Arab connection; on the contrary, the remoter territories, especially the Yemen, were a heavy military liability. This was recognised by Ataturk and his circle and they made no difficulty about renouncing all claim to the Arab parts of the old Ottoman Empire in order to concentrate upon the Turkish nucleus.

Besides being Sultan and, later, King, Ibn Saud was the Imam of his own people, the Wahhabis, and he claimed no higher religious title. When the Turks abolished the Ottoman Caliphate and certain other Arab rulers showed a readiness to occupy the vacant office, his comment was that while he himself did not covet that position, he was not prepared to recognise anyone else in it. When he settled some of his nomads on various oases, he used the Wahhabi teaching to weld them into a spearhead for his army. The training was almost too successful. After the capture of Taif, the first Hijaz town to fall into their hands, the Ikhwan slew a number of foreign pilgrims, and Ibn Saud had to withdraw them to the rear. Instead of using them for the attack on Jedda, which they could easily have taken by assault, he had to take it by slow siege, lest its capture should be marred by fanatical excesses committed in the sight of the representatives of the foreign powers. In the end, undisciplined attacks by the Ikhwan on neighbouring territories compelled Ibn Saud to punish some of the most prominent leaders and to reduce the corps to a less prominent role.

Ibn Saud's rule was a theocracy: he governed, he said, by the Koran. The Islamic penalty of amputation of the hand or foot for theft was used occasionally, but was rarely needed, for the terror of his name was usually sufficient to maintain order, even on the pilgrim routes where in the time of King Hussein, and even of the Turks, a tribal horde would sometimes hold a caravan to ransom. In his personal life Ibn Saud claimed to follow the Prophet in three things: prayer, scent, and women. No tradition is more solid than the one which attributes to the Prophet a liking for scent; and a strict Wahhabi, who would never wear silk or use a spoon made of silver, has been known to order eau de cologne half a gross of bottles at a time. Ibn Saud's attitude to women was no doubt influenced by the institution of slavery, which he recognised as being sanctioned by the Koran. It may be true that in Arabia the male slave is little if at all worse off than the ordinary free man, but the female slave can be taken as a concubine by any man who buys

her, and is protected from further sale only if she bears a child to her master. Nevertheless, perhaps even here hasty judgment should not be passed. There are examples enough elsewhere of the evil that results from the break-up of a primitive form of society before the people are ready to adapt themselves to another.

Ibn Saud's political wisdom was developed by long years spent in dealing with self-willed and hasty Arab tribesmen. He valued policy above force, even if force was always ready. He could be severe on disobedience and treachery, though his acts of clemency were many. When the Imam of the Yemen, for instance, was speedily defeated in a war he himself had provoked, Ibn Saud treated him with such magnanimity that he became one of Ibn Saud's most devoted admirers. Ibn Saud's natural and acquired skill in dealing with human beings proved to be fully equal to the demands of international relations. He never visited any foreign country except for a short visit to Basra and Mohammerah in the first world war, and a visit to Cairo, to meet Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, in the second; but he kept himself extremely well acquainted with foreign affairs. In the nineteen-thirties

he used to pay particular attention to the Arabic broadcasts which were put out by London and Cairo, Italy and Germany. These were taken down verbatim—an easy matter, since in Arabic, as in Pitman's shorthand, which is based upon this Semitic principle, you can omit most of the vowels. The whole sheaf of broadcasts was read out to him after the evening prayer. He called this his *Times*, and by this and other means he managed to be better informed on world affairs than many educated Britons.

A capacity to understand other people's points of view was another of Ibn Saud's qualities. He hated Britain's Palestine policy, but he understood, at least in part, the motives behind it, and his opposition was more moderate in expression than that of some other Arab governments. Again, few things could have been more displeasing to him than the establishment on his borders of two Hashimite kingdoms, but he realised that British policy required it and he accepted it, though he never became fully reconciled to their rulers, sons of King Hussein. Hussein himself he could never forgive, not so much for border quarrels, which were in the day's business, but for his condescension and rudeness, and for arrogating to himself

a supreme position in the Arab world, as when he styled himself 'King of the Arab Lands', and later took the title of Caliph. It is unfortunate that Hussein and Ibn Saud never met, for Hussein could hardly have failed to realise that here was a man not to be trifled with. The meeting would have been worth seeing. Hussein was small and dapper, dressed in the fashion of the Mecca townsman, rather self-satisfied, and in his old age overbearing and unwilling to brook contradiction. Ibn Saud was some thirty years younger and a foot taller; he wore the garb of a desert Arab; he had an air of quiet self-confidence which had no arrogance in it. They never did meet, however, and the fate which Hussein provoked could not be averted.

Ibn Saud was a good talker. His conversation was interesting and apposite. It is true that he often began by declaring that the subject could be divided under three headings, and proceeding to divide it under many more. This, however, by no means weakened the soundness of his conclusions, any more than his massive dignity was diminished by the employment of blind Koran reciters to intone the Koran in the palace corridors all night 'to keep off the evil spirits'. Like many other men of great ability, Ibn Saud was no linguist. He knew no foreign language; more than that, even the foreign names he had to use suffered a desert change into something strange and often much richer. Even the name of England, *Inghilterra*, was shortened to *Ingterra*; Czechoslovakia tended to be a despairing wave of the hand;

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Mr. Churchill and King Ibn Saud in Cairo, February 1945

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Hopes and fears in Berlin

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

Question of Technique

AFTER a good conjuror has given a performance, the audience ask themselves and each other 'how is it done?'. But he is probably the only public entertainer who immediately provokes this question from his audience. Of the tens of thousands who watch cricket matches, how many can distinguish a leg break from an off break and can judge whether a batsman ought to have played forward or back? Literary critics tend, one thinks, to assume that all readers are interested in the technique of a writer's craft. But it is questionable how far the assumption is in fact justified. As often as not, technique is taken for granted. But no doubt, since many people read novels, the technique of fiction is a subject of perennial fascination, although maybe not to the extent thought either by its practitioners or by their professional critics. Mr. Owen Holloway is giving a series of talks on the Third Programme entitled 'The Teller and the Told', in the first of which (published on another page) he tackles one aspect of the novelist's technique, the place that the writer holds in his own novel. That is one of those subjects which have been constantly explored, without any conclusive solution being reached—if such a thing is possible—in the last forty years or so. It first perhaps impinged itself on the present generation of writers in the work of Virginia Woolf, interest in whose technique has recently been re-created by the publication of extracts from her diaries. She reacted violently against Edwardian realism. Those novelists, she claimed, would

begin by saying [of a character] that her father kept a shop in Harrogate. Ascertain the rent. Ascertain the wages of shop assistants in the year 1879. Discover what the mother died of. Describe cancer. Describe calico. Describe. But I cried 'Stop! Stop!' And I regret to say I threw that ugly, that clumsy, that incongruous tool out of the window.

'Their tools', she said elsewhere, 'are not our tools'.

So it was that in the novels of Virginia Woolf and, earlier, of Dorothy Richardson, realistic description was reduced almost to vanishing point. What mattered to them was attitude of mind. The capital 'I' began to cast lengthening shadows over serious fiction. James Joyce in his *Ulysses* was perhaps less rigid. That novel, which contained enough new technical ideas to captivate two generations, has been called a subjective study in an objective framework. And since the publication of Virginia Woolf's *Jacob's Room* and of *Ulysses*, most aspiring English novelists have been harassed by the place of the 'I' in fiction.

Yet though the writing of good fiction is never as easy as it seems, the ordinary reader may tend to feel that a narration centred upon a single personal view has a certain air of simplicity and even austerity about it. Once a character is conceived, and more especially if that character is sympathetic to the novelist, both the character itself and other characters seen through the narrator's eyes can at least be given a psychological uniformity. When a novelist, on the other hand, adheres to the old descriptive formulas as seen, say, in such professional storytellers as Dickens or J. B. Priestley, they afford an obvious challenge to the author's inventiveness, ingenuity, and powers of observation. Naturally it can be said, and usually is said, that certain characters 'do not come off'. And this is especially the case where characters do not excite the author's sympathy. However, on the other side, literary critics invariably tell us that the 'I' form is the most difficult of all to carry through successfully. So the argument goes on *ad infinitum*. And we are confident that Mr. Holloway's observations on this absorbing technical theme will both attract our readers who have already reflected upon it and puzzle and stimulate those who have not.

WITH THE OPENING of the Foreign Ministers' conference, the attention of all commentators was on Berlin. Moscow radio, and the radios of east Germany and the rest of the satellite world broadcast the full text of Mr. Molotov's opening speech. The speeches of the three western Foreign Ministers were treated much more briefly and in some cases badly distorted, by quoting out of context. The efforts to split the west were obvious in the many communist commentaries, which alleged a contrast between the attitude of Mr. Dulles on the one hand, and Mr. Eden and M. Bidault on the other. For example, a Polish broadcast declared that whereas Mr. Dulles had 'categorically' opposed a five-power conference, M. Bidault had 'only questioned the need for linking European matters with the problem of the approach towards People's China and Eden glossed over the whole problem in eloquent silence'.

A different picture was given by *The New York Times*, which was quoted as emphasising western unity. Commending M. Bidault's firmness in telling the Russians that peace cannot be attained by trying to divide the west or by bargaining for spheres of influence, the American newspaper continued:

If France continues to stand fast, and if the west comes out of the conference as united as it goes into it, the conference will have served a good purpose, whether or not it accomplishes anything else.

Mr. Molotov's opening speech caused many western commentators to express misgivings as to the conference achieving any constructive results. *Le Figaro* was quoted as saying:

While M. Bidault and Mr. Eden carefully avoided making any accusations in their speeches, Mr. Molotov did precisely the opposite—repeating the traditional attacks made by Soviet propaganda against the United States.

When, however, Mr. Molotov's agenda was accepted by all three western Foreign Ministers, hopes began to rise. *Le Figaro* called it a happy surprise that Mr. Dulles had accepted it, but the same newspaper described Mr. Molotov's later proposal for a world conference on disarmament as evidence that he was trying to confuse the situation. From west Berlin, *Telegraf* was quoted as saying:

It was a clever move on the part of the three western Foreign Ministers to accept the agenda proposed by Mr. Molotov. . . . By making a number of concessions to their Soviet colleague, especially over the agenda, the western Foreign Ministers have placed on Mr. Molotov's shoulders the responsibility for the progress of the conference. It is now up to him to prove that the Soviet Union is really interested in diminishing existing tension.

The Tass dispatches from Berlin formed the basis of all commentaries on the conference in the Soviet orbit. As an example of this Soviet reporting, here is what was said in the despatch about Mr. Eden's references to free elections, as quoted on the Soviet home service:

Eden again reiterated the well-known assertions of the western Governments that the first step towards the solution of the German problem must, allegedly, be so-called 'free elections' throughout the whole of Germany which, as is known, under present conditions of a split Germany and the presence of the terrorist Bonn regime in her western part, could not result in a free expression of the will of the German people or a unification of Germany on a peaceful democratic basis. According to Eden's proposal, after the holding of such 'free elections', which in reality aim at spreading the Bonn regime over the whole of Germany, against the will of her people, the first task would be to prepare a constituent assembly, to ensure the creation of an all-German government.

A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna radio, noting the acceptance of the agenda proposed by Molotov, stated:

It is no exaggeration to assert that, thanks to the initiative of the Soviet Government . . . the Austrian problem will be discussed at the conference.

However, it would be rash to conclude that 'now everything is just fine'. Mr. Dulles' speech left no room for doubt on that score. He had reaffirmed his support for E.D.C. and expressed himself vigorously opposed to 'so-called peace treaties' and to a five-power conference:

This means that the future prospects for the Berlin conference are not exactly rosy, unless the other delegates succeed in making Dulles see reason. . . . One thing is certain. Dulles, by speaking sharply, intended to create an atmosphere of acrimony. However, Molotov in reply spoke with such statesmanlike wisdom that Dulles did not achieve his purpose.

Did You Hear That?

WEATHER-CONSCIOUS AMERICANS

'EVERY AMERICAN RADIO STATION', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent, in 'Radio Newsreel', 'interpolates local weather forecasts into its commercials at almost hourly intervals. The television networks have their own experts who lecture daily on the movement of warm and cold fronts with the help of maps and diagrams. Sometimes they emphasise their message by wearing sou'-westers, ear muffers, or Palm Beach suits, as the conditions may suggest. And the general public reflects this concentrated instruction by an up-to-the-minute knowledge of temperatures and humidities. In the unlikely circumstance of being without radio or television, it is enough to dial "WE" on the telephone to get a forecast which is brought up to date every hour. One obvious reason for this general and well-informed interest in the weather is the fact that the weather itself tends to move from west to east across the continent, and its progress can thus be watched from hour to hour. Another seems to be the variety and the ferocity of climatic changes in this great land mass, where droughts, tornadoes, blizzards, and hurricanes can all be happening at different places at the same time. Most of these extremes are dangerous to human life or destructive to human property, consequently people want quite seriously to know when to put chains on their motor tyres, or when to take refuge in their tornado cellars.

'This public need for information places a responsibility not only on the radio and television networks but also on the authorities themselves. New experiments in weather prediction and even weather control are constantly being made. At the moment the Pennsylvania Turnpike Authority is experimenting with an electronic weather-warning device sensitive enough to flash on to an illuminated board, without human help or intervention, the words "snow", "fog", "ice", "danger", and such-like. The United States Weather Bureau is testing out the respective abilities of several so-called electronic brains to digest the vast amount of available weather data and come up with accurate and rapid prediction of further changes. The President has just established a commission of experts and officials to investigate the possibility of exercising artificial control of the weather by such means as rain-making and the effect which such control might have on the American economy'.

CAMDEN TOWN GROUP

An exhibition of work by members of the old 'Camden Town Group' has recently been held in the Edinburgh College of Art. ALISTAIR McCHEYNE spoke about it in the Scottish

Home Service. 'Out of the shabby-genteel, the workaday, and the commonplace', he said, 'the Camden Town painters re-created a world of distinction and refinement. The aim of this group was rebellion—against what seemed to be the stifling control of academicians like Hubert Herkomer, Solomon J. Solomon, Frank Dicksee, and John Sargent, and although its existence covered no more than three years (just before the 1914-18 war) it was a most influential one in this country.

'The chief architect of the group was Walter Sickert, and the two members who most closely rivalled him in stature were Spencer Gore and Harold Gilman. This exhibition does not pretend to be a full roll-call (the absence, for instance, of Charles Ginner is unfortunate), but it is none the less one of the most comprehensive that I, personally, have seen, and it is notable for a surprising revelation of development in some of these artists.

'To go, for example, from an early Harold Gilman—from that reserved and sombre portrait of a nurse to his painting of "The Old Lady" is rather like stepping from a chilly cellar into the full sparkle of a summer day. It is brilliant stuff: but even then I think it must take second place to the same artist's "Interior with Mrs. Mounter"—a canvas where almost classic spaciousness of design is united to colour

that is little less than magnificent.

'Sickert's work here reveals the same kind of change—a transition from determined competence and almost negative colour sensibility into a freedom, a finely sharpened colour perception (which, mark you, he sometimes cast aside), and a vision which never hesitated in embracing—and transforming—the tawdry and the tarnished.

'I found it almost astonishing to contrast the low-toned, almost monochromatic portrait, "La Nera", with that most colourful and exuberant Dieppe canvas. Besides those there is one of the smaller versions of "Ennui", a rather chalky but quite audaciously designed self-portrait with Thérèse, a fragile and sensitive Bath landscape, and a portrait of Harold Gilman, where a madly uncontrolled staccato of impasto over the face suggests to me, I am afraid, a sudden fit of delirium tremens rather than an exposition of superlative artistry.

'Spencer Gore's art is of a gentler kind, more interested in the quiet pastoral than in social comment or marked experimentation with colour. Gore has become known to most of us through his charming paintings of the gardens around Mornington Crescent. There is one of them here, along with several other vibrant pieces and a canvas of a Letchworth Lane which lays a quite unexpected emphasis on clear-cut edges and chiselled forms.



Two examples of paintings by members of the Camden Town Group: 'Mornington Crescent' (c. 1913), by Spencer Gore and—



—'Mrs. Mounter at the Breakfast Table' (1916), by Harold Gilman

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

'Malcolm Drummond brings us back to the London scene, and out of back-yards, sky-lines of chimney pots, and the blind eyes of great blocks of flats he draws poetry of a strange and touching kind'.

WINTER VISITOR TO BRITAIN

'The brambling', said JAMES FISHER in a Home Service talk, 'is a handsome bird, most likely to be confused with its close relation, the chaffinch: it is indeed a sort of northern chaffinch. You know the chaffinch in flight. It flashes quite a lot of white—those double bars on the wing, especially the front one which makes it look white shouldered, and those white outer tail-feathers. The brambling also flashes white when you disturb it, but the white is in a different place. Most of it is on its rump, and a conspicuous patch. Below this the brambling's tail is quite black—no white at the sides—and the male bramblings have orange, not white, on the shoulders.'

'The hen chaffinches and bramblings are more difficult to tell from each other, but you can always rely on the brambling's white rump. In the winter the male brambling is hoary on the head and upper back, not the clear blue and pink-brown of the chaffinch. But in the spring this hoary area goes jet black and the cock brambling becomes a fine bird indeed.'

'There is another finch with a white rump, by the way: the bullfinch, but he is such a heavy-looking bird compared with the brambling that you should not be in any confusion. The brambling is just the same size as the chaffinch; moreover, it often associates with chaffinches in Britain in winter, which is something the bullfinch does not do.'

'In Europe the brambling nests in the birch woods of Scandinavia, just as far north as the trees go. It has certainly bred once in Scotland, and it has bred in Denmark and Germany and on the eastern shore of the Baltic in Estonia. But normally it is confined as a nester to Norway, Sweden, and Finland, and at the present time it is retreating northwards from the southern parts of Sweden and Finland. Across these areas there is a great belt (I suppose it is about 200 miles wide) in which the breeding range of the brambling overlaps the northern elements of its cousin the chaffinch. There are many interesting shifts taking place among the birds of Europe because of the warming up of the spring during the past thirty years. Some species have moved hundreds of miles, and the whole belt of overlap of these two close relations has moved north for a considerable distance. The rather odd thing about bramblings is that although they are really quite northern birds, it is possible that a few birds make nests in the Alps and the Balkan mountains. In Cheshire about twenty years ago my uncle, A. W. Boyd, caught a brambling and marked it with a ring. Eighteen months later, in the middle of July, it was killed in the eastern part of Yugoslavia. There may be an outpost nesting population down there, which must be every bit of 1,500 miles from the main breeding headquarters'.

A GRAND JOB

Mrs. SYLVIA CLAYTON decided that to obtain a free visit to a festival she would obtain an appointment as an official interpreter to the foreign visitors. Her principal duty (she explained in a Home Service talk) 'would be to look after a distinguished composer from the Middle East, whom I will call Abdul Bey. I knew no Arabic; he knew no English; we were to compromise and talk German. I was to be placed at his disposal; whenever he wanted an interpreter I was to accompany him. From time to time I might be expected to help other foreign visitors, but he, Abdul Bey, was to be my chief concern.'

Though he was wearing European dress, I had no difficulty in picking him out at the station, for he had a wonderful musicianly hat with a curly brim and shoes of crimson leather. He greeted me with

charming courtesy, and once more I congratulated myself on having found an easy, pleasant, and interesting job.

'My first task was, of course, to see him comfortably settled at his hotel, and as we drove there, I began to see that festival interpreting had other problems besides those of language.'

"There is, of course, a grand piano in my room", he said. There was no doubt in his tone; he said it as if a grand piano was an amenity you could expect, like hot and cold water and every *mod. con.*

"I doubt if there will be a grand", I said, "but possibly I could arrange for an upright to be installed".

"But an upright", he said gently, "is for schoolgirls. It has not the proper timbre. At home I have always a grand piano. It is to me a necessity".

"I will ask about it at the hotel", I said.

'When we saw the hotel room it was clear that it would have to be an upright or nothing. It was a pleasant enough little room, bright and light, with clean, modern furniture, but not over-spacious. Perhaps, with luck, you could squeeze a piano in between the wardrobe and the chest-of-drawers, if you took out the writing table, but it would be a tight fit.'

"You will tell them, please, that I require another room, much larger, with a grand piano", said Abdul Bey.

"I'll see what I can do", I said, "but I don't promise anything".

The manager was out, and the receptionist, boxed in her little glass case, looked as if she would stand no nonsense. "I am acting as official interpreter for the festival", I said, trying to sound as dignified as possible. "Monsieur Abdul, one of the distinguished guests staying at this hotel, wishes to change his room".

"And what's wrong with the one he's got? Number 143, it's a very nice little room", she said.

"Yes", I said, "it's a very nice little room, but he would like something a trifle larger. There isn't much room for a piano in 143".

"Oh", she said, "I suppose he'd like us to shift the grand up from the ballroom for him to strum on".

"That would be very kind", I said.

"Well, you can tell your friend from me", she said, "the rule is, no musical instruments in the rooms. Otherwise, with a festival on, we'd have musicians plinking and plonking all over the place and disturbing the other guests, I know what musicians are; we used to have plenty of them in Southsea, there for the concert party season, you know, and they're a noisy lot, I can tell you".

"But he's not that kind of musician", I said, "he's a classical composer".

"They all make a noise, don't they?" she said. I retreated, beaten, and as I climbed wearily up the stairs I wondered vainly how you said "plinking and plonking all over the place", in German.

Abdul Bey, sad and puzzled that a musician should be denied a piano, resigned himself to doing without for a few days, and we arranged to meet next morning so that I could help him with his shopping.

He wanted some picture postcards to send home, so we went along to a stationer's, where there was one of those revolving racks with local views, in colour and sepia, and pictures of the Royal Family, of flowers, dogs, and children. Abdul Bey took no interest in the views, but pounced with delight on the pictures of children. They were drawings of plump little girls with big blue eyes, all busily helping mother or flirting coyly with fat little boys of the same age.

"Typically English, yes?" he said, "would you translate, please?" I looked at the captions in alarm. If he'd asked me about a piece of musical criticism I should have been all right, but how on earth could I translate, "I'm being Mummy's good girl now", or "He's my own bestest boy friend"?



Brambling in flight

Eric Hosking

The Cat that Walks by Itself

JEAN COCTEAU on the artist today

THE spirit stirs, chafes at its bonds, exults, burns, and rises again from its ashes. This stationary motion ought to be studied, and the new science might well be called phoenixology. Nothing ever overtakes anything else. Vermeer of Delft does not overtake Piero della Francesca; Rembrandt does not overtake Vermeer; nor Renoir, Goya; nor Picasso, Van Gogh; and so on. These outstanding men burn with a light which sometimes casts deep shadows. But the age we live in, drunk with speed, or rather with what it takes to be speed, has invented a fashionable term—*dépassement*. We all hustle and bustle for the sake of overtaking the next man, of getting somewhere first. And what we do is to get held up at the traffic lights or end in a hospital bed.

Invisible Vocation

The conspiracy of noise which, as I said in an earlier talk on the Third Programme*, came after what used to be the conspiracy of silence, seeks to keep up a chaotic hubbub in which the secret values of the world are confused with its manifest and ephemeral values. The conspirators get hold of a poet, a painter, a musician, or a scholar, and push him on the platform with Miss Europe or the supersonic pilot. But Beau Brummel's remark applies to every rung of the spiritual ladder. 'I could not be elegant at Ascot', he said, 'because you had noticed how elegant I was'. Our real vocation is invisible, and there was a time when nobody tried to force into view what ought only to be seen at a distance in time, like starlight.

In 1954 Baudelaire would not be left in the wings, but dragged on to the stage on the pretence that he approved of the fashions of the day. He would have to take part in some benefit performance. This cruel and all-devouring passion for the up-to-date might even find it amusing to drag Toulouse-Lautrec out of the wings and make his poor crippled legs dance the cancan. So, since we are thrust on to the platform, we shall struggle hard to play the part of a false self, a fable, a legend, a double, and to hide our silence and our privacy beneath a protective shell of half-truths and tittle-tattle.

It is to defend our invisible world that we turn our visible selves into caricatures and scarecrows. The term *dépassement* is accompanied by another word, *engagement*. You overtake, you are overtaken, you commit yourself, or else this famous 'speed' will leave you standing, ignored, by the roadside. An artist must make his way on foot. He is the cat that walks by itself. He is visible and invisible, like smoke. And his road is all the harder because the cars rush by and splash him with mud and glare. He must keep on his legs and overcome his tiredness.

Unfortunately young artists find it hard to keep up the struggle. They keep stopping, lose heart, see the great arrogant cars going by and resign themselves to hitch-hiking. They jump into cars which are not theirs; they are 'committed'. They are delighted to be moving at speed, but the speed is not theirs either. They give up the great game of losing to win, and take to the modern game of winning to lose. So I was much amused by an article about myself which appeared in a London paper. This article accused me of being, as it were, too multifarious, of never settling on anything. The journalist who wrote the article had no inkling of a method of defence for the poet, which is a matter of preferring change to the uniformity of a literary school. This method bids us cover up our tracks and adopt a simple ruse to prevent the craze for the up-to-date from taking us up: the ruse which consists of never repeating ourselves; of taking care, when once a work has fallen from the tree, not to shake the tree to bring down others of the same kind—in short, as Stravinsky put it so strikingly, of 'always looking for a cool place on the pillow'.

For my own part, as I am the servant of the forces within that I only partly understand, I have always set out to baffle the critics and forestall their attempts to get a grip on me. For if they once got a grip on me I should no longer be able to live. I should die, and everybody knows that a poet does not die, but gives place to his work: that his chief function, for which he has made himself ready long before is, at

the very end of his life, to *pretend* to die. I mean that the poet lives mainly after his death and gives place to his work, which does its best to get rid of him and which, when all is said, is his real self. The only death which is really frightening is the living death of those who submit to having a label pinned on them.

Poetry finds expression through many means. A play, a drawing, a painting, a tapestry, a film, a heroic deed—all these do its work as well as a poem. The artists who won honour for France all died in poverty—in the workhouse, in exile, or by suicide. Their example must never be forgotten. However hard the road, the artist must walk along the dark side, and keep to the edge of the great main roads, of the autostradas.

The theatre is theatrical. There has been a tendency to forget this. Perhaps the older actors, who had the vigour, could not go on playing young parts because of the cinema, where the actor must be as young as his role, and the load was too heavy for the youngsters to carry on their shoulders. Production and, later on, language of an undramatic kind took the place of direct action. Jean Giraudoux is an exception. His language is dramatic: and only his language. This stands out in '*Lucrèce*'. There, the action of the play is inferior to the language, and an actress who is not particularly conversant with literature, like Madame Yvon de Bray, can make a hit by speaking a few lines, because an authentic human voice is suddenly heard in this wonderful puppet-theatre of which Giraudoux is the ventriloquist.

Alas, the theatre public tends to turn up its nose at dramatic action, to call it melodrama. In Giraudoux' case the language sanctifies the melodrama; but, on the other hand, the public has very little enthusiasm for such simple, close-packed language as Sartre uses in his adaptation of Dumas' '*Kean*'. The public—I mean the *élite*—thinks that diverting action is unworthy of the audience, and turns away in disgust from the admirable theatrical contrivances which enchanted its members in childhood—turns away from Jules Verne's *Round the World in Eighty Days*, from *Michel Strogoff*, from *Peter Pan*. When I first put on *L'Aigle à deux têtes* in Paris—the English version, by the way, has no connection with my own play and is far too 'literary' (even the title is inexact, since it ought to be 'The Two-headed Eagle' and not 'The Eagle has Two Heads')—what I had in mind was to give the pure theatre back its rights. This made the so-called *élite* flock to see the play and made it a success.

If one is as unfortunate as I have been, and becomes famous for things one has not done and words one has not uttered, one has to admit that legend is stronger than history, because history is truth which becomes false in the long run, and legend is falsehood which, in the long run, becomes truth. We must all go on walking on the dark side of the road, and leave the mirage of 'speed' to our double, the puppet who guards our freedom, like Leporello dressed in his master Don Juan's clothes; who braves all our perils for us and takes the beating that the critics aim at ourselves.

'Highest Form of Expression Given to Man'

I have only one doctrine, and that is that poetry is a separate language and not, as is popularly supposed, a special way of using the language of common speech. The language of poetry is the highest form of expression given to man, and remains sublime, without ridicule. Shakespeare, Rimbaud, Goethe, Edgar Allan Poe, Pushkin, Gongora are the real England, the real France, the real Germany, the real America, the real Russia, the real Spain, whatever the political changes in these countries.

We must put up with being pushed aside by the craze for the up-to-date, for it has been proved, in politics as well as in art, that every significant and enduring achievement has seemed, in its own time, a failure. We must, I repeat, be burned to rise again, and every poet knows, alas, that, where his achievement is concerned, a successful issue is really a failure. Poetry is a religion without hope, but its martyrs guarantee the eternal truth of its dogma. What is the use of poetry? That is the question which the up-to-date mind asks the kind of out-of-

date mind which, between ourselves, is really more up-to-date than its questioner. Answer: I know that poetry is indispensable but I do not know what for. If I knew, and told what I knew, I should be like a plant holding forth about gardening.

Here, then, are a few of the secrets of that moral beauty which has nothing to do with conventional morality and which is most exacting to pursue, for it is different for different people. But I think that when a pretty woman says she is anxious to 'keep her figure', the idea can be applied to artists, with the reservation that their beauty is an inner beauty and their beauty-parlours are for the soul—the soul which seems

to regress in proportion to the mind's amazement at the triumphs of progress.

In Madrid, a little while ago, Salvador Dali was talking to me about *Tancredism*. Don Tancredo, in Spain, is the man in a white costume and white make-up who stands stock still on a table in the middle of the bull-ring. The bull rushes forward, stops, sniffs, and turns away. There is a good deal of *Tancredism* in art and politics. Standing stock still is one method of self-protection. But it just does not happen to be mine.—*Third Programme*

(Translated from the French by J. M. Cocking)

'A Sense of Smell'

ANTHONY QUINTON on George Orwell's 'England Your England'

GEORGE ORWELL had an acute sense of smell. It operated physically and also on a more abstract level. References to physical smells abound in his books. Here are three quotations from *The Road to Wigan Pier*:

This is where industrialism led—to labyrinthine slums and dark back kitchens with sickly, ageing people creeping round and round them like blackbeetles. It is a kind of duty to see and smell such places now and again, especially smell them, lest you should forget that they exist.

I found great variation in the houses I visited. Some were as decent as one could possibly expect in the circumstances, some were so appalling that I have no hope of describing them adequately. To begin with, the smell, the dominant and essential thing is indescribable.

Sheffield, I suppose, could justly claim to be called the ugliest town in the Old World: its inhabitants, who want it to be pre-eminent in everything, very likely do make that claim for it. It has a population of half a million and it contains fewer decent buildings than the average East Anglian village of five hundred. And the stench! If at rare moments you stop smelling sulphur it is because you have begun smelling gas.

The Road to Wigan Pier is partly a report on the life of the unemployed in the north of England and partly a discussion of socialism, of how and why Orwell came to adopt it, of the special obstacles that confront the middle-class Englishman who tries to accept socialism sincerely and of how these obstacles can be overcome if socialism is reduced to its essentials—to a demand for liberty and justice. In recounting these obstacles Orwell said something which caused the book's original publishers—the Left Book Club—serious embarrassment. It occasioned a long and uncomfortable preface by Victor Gollancz. What Orwell said was this:

Here you come to the real secret of class distinctions in the West—the real reason why a European of bourgeois upbringing, even when he calls himself a Communist, cannot without a hard effort think of a working man as his equal. It is summed up in four frightful words which people nowadays are chary of uttering, but which were banded about quite freely in my childhood. The words were: the lower classes smell. That was what we were taught—the lower classes smell.

Orwell's nose was not sensitive to places only, it was equally alert in a more rarefied way, in the detection of evidences of class-feeling and in the moral assessment of opinions. His disconcerting reference to this unmentionable middle-class myth was part of a wider insistence on the force of class feeling in England. 'England', he wrote in his wartime pamphlet, *The Lion and the Unicorn*, 'is the most class-ridden country under the sun. It is a land of snobbery and privilege, ruled largely by the old and silly'. To the theory-sodden leftist who cannot regard anything but a man's income as the determinant of his class status, this insistence must be unintelligible. With his eyes focused on what is prescribed by Marx's diagram of society, he fails to perceive what is right under his nose, the staple matter of English fiction and English humour, the most powerful force that links Englishmen together and keeps them apart. There is something canine about the exploratory, half-hostile, way in which Englishmen sniff at each other when they first meet, in the attempt to place one another socially. Finally, Orwell's use of the nose as a moral sense-organ is exemplified by the celebrated finale to his essay on Dickens:

Dickens's face is that of a man who is always fighting against something, but who fights in the open and is not frightened, the face of a

man who is *generously angry*—in other words, of a nineteenth-century liberal, a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls.

The point of bringing these things together is to draw attention to certain features which characterise equally Orwell's style, his observations of society, and his ideas and which help to explain his virtues and defects as a writer, social observer; and thinker. These features can be summarised in one word—directness. In his style this takes the form of a masterly straightforwardness and clarity of utterance. It enabled him to use an informal, conversational vocabulary without condescension or vulgarity, and to be rhetorical when he chose without pomp or artifice. The directness of his social observation expresses itself in the subjects which he thought worth writing about. His studies in contemporary anthropology, I mean the essays on boys' weeklies and comic postcards, gave a new significance to a range of perfectly common experience. The directness of his ideas reveals itself in the form of an impatience with complex and sophisticated argument and in a certain plain commonsensical dogmatism of opinion. He never qualified or refined his views and had no tolerance for those who did. He repudiated a hesitant manner of political affirmation, seeing it as an index of intellectual dishonesty or moral cowardice.

In consequence his work is replete with large and pugnacious generalisations. The earliest of these available to us is presumably the remark quoted in Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise*, which Orwell made as a prep-school boy during the 1914 war: 'Of course, you realise, Connolly, that, whoever wins this war, we shall emerge a second-rate nation'. This brusqueness is in line with his somewhat isolated and retiring temperament. No one speaks with such force as the man who speaks little or with difficulty. His suspicion, his confident ascriptions of motive, are connected with a kind of near-prophetic vehemence that has affinities with D. H. Lawrence, the modern writer whom he treats with the greatest respect.

Orwell seems to me unquestionably the best writer of expository prose in English in this century, perhaps the best writer of any kind of prose. The comparison with Swift has become a *cliché* since the publication of *Animal Farm*, but there is more to it than the fact that they are both writers of political satire in a plain style. They are both absolute masters of their medium, to compare them with their contemporaries is to compare fish with laborious swimmers. Orwell's acute sensitivity to purity of style had a moral quality. For he saw plain language as the indispensable vehicle of truth. Especially dangerous, in his view, was the impersonalising effect of jargon: 'Elimination of disaffected elements' has none of the moral impact of 'killing-off people opposed to the government', though both apply to the same states of affairs. He saw himself as writing at a time when plain English was being submitted to intense and continuous pollution, largely by those who had a vested interest in destroying the conditions of critical thinking. Newspeak was an allegorical protest against this process. The narcotic flood of manufactured written matter in which we are all nowadays immersed was one enemy, the other was literariness, the mandarin style. Where jargon demoralises, literariness trivialises.

The excellence of his style, if primarily a natural talent, was fostered by the nature of his education and the conditions of his life. He was not a heavily educated man but left school at eighteen to work in the police in Burma. He said that he was idle at Eton, where he was in

college. This is probably true to the extent that he refused to perform on the academic treadmill by means of which boys are prepared for the university. So, although obviously an omnivorous, even indiscriminate, reader, he was in no sense scholarly and he did not get into the habit of expressing himself by writing until he had something he strongly wanted to express. His first book, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, did not appear until he was thirty, and he did not take up writing as a routine, journalism proper, until the war. His jobs between leaving school and 1939—service in Burma, working in a bookshop, keeping a pub and a grocer's shop—made none of the para-literary demands that so often waste or exhaust a writer's creative impulse. He was a natural writer whose talent was preserved by the way in which he lived and the moral significance he attached to purity of style. To compare him with the best-known political writers of the nineteen-thirties brings out his peculiar excellence. Beside the inchoate flow of Laski (produced as if in a trance) or the mechanical flatness of Strachey (like directions for opening a tin) the true merit of Orwell's writing is revealed.

It has none of the monotony, the drab impersonal colloquialness, of which deliberately unliterary writing is often guilty. Orwell's restraint was not the outcome of poverty but of controlled richness. His stylistic instrument has a remarkable range of tone, running from high invective and denunciation to an amiable chaffing humour. His fault is a tendency to lapse into false heartiness, into a bluff 'Oh, come off it!' tone. He comments, for example, on a particularly melancholy stanza by A. E. Housman: 'Hard cheese, old chap'. This is perhaps not a purely stylistic deficiency; the quaint Edwardianism testifies to a lack of sensitivity to people rather than to words. Orwell's directness as an observer was fortified and narrowed by a rather stiff and conventional conception of human nature. A remorseless critic of the conduct and institutions of the English ruling class, he did not extend his condemnation to its moral ideal. In contrast to the conventionally progressive, he continued to support public-school virtues—honour, courage, self-control, fair play, sense of responsibility. He was untouched by the Freudian liquidation of standards of human conduct.

A constant target, therefore, was what he once called 'the Bloomsbury highbrow with his mechanical snigger', the type of person who, when the fashion changed, came to combine daydreams about the defeat of England by Hitler with a slavish, masochistic adulation of Stalin. Orwell's radicalism was clearly defined; it was almost entirely political. He retained the fundamental moral outlook in which he had been brought up unchanged; except to the extent that he took seriously the demand for human equality. Practical experience of the dirty work of politics, of genuine political responsibility in Burma, helped to make modish nihilism unacceptable to him. All this is clearly brought out in his essay on Kipling.

But he did not realise that there was more to the moral defeatism of the intellectuals of his generation than cowardice, ignorance, and laziness, important as it was that someone should point out the extent to which these were involved. Though his rejection of religious belief was as fierce and total as that of any of his contemporaries, he failed to see that there were other intellectual changes even more comprehensive in their power of moral disintegration. His conception of man remained that of classical Victorian liberalism, that, say, of John Stuart Mill. Man was a free agent, with the ability to distinguish right from wrong and the power to act upon this distinction. The only acceptable excuses for moral deficiency were ignorance, poverty, and physical disorder. The Freudian dissolution of this conception of man as a moral agent was something he never came wholly to understand, much less accept.

A consequence of this point of view was his over-lively sense of conspiracy and his excessive readiness with imputations of evil motive. Hence such thundering phrases as, 'the lords of property and their hired liars', and such accusations as this: 'In the highbrow world you "get on", if you "get on" at all, not so much by your literary ability

as by being the life and soul of cocktail parties and kissing the bums of verminous little lions'. For better or worse, most people are nowadays hesitant about the interpretation of human conduct, men may do anything and may be forgiven anything. It was a good thing that Orwell existed to put up some resistance to this engulfing moral inconclusiveness, but his protest is ultimately reactionary; it does not take account of the sources of the point of view it is opposed to.

Let me give two illustrations of the wider consequences of this limitation of sensibility. His novels are novels of situation, not of character. From Gordon Comstock to Winston Smith his heroes are, as human beings, almost blanks, just ordinary feeble, fundamentally decent, young men. The only real person in his novels is George Bowling, the gross, cheerful hero of *Coming Up for Air*, and even he is something of a literary stereotype, the jovial fat man with a heart. As explorations of human nature, then, his novels are without much interest. Their strength lies in the remorseless accuracy with which types of human situation are realised. The genteel struggle in *A Clergyman's Daughter*, poverty in *Keep the Aspidochelone Flying*, life in a totalitarian society in *Nineteen-Eighty-four*. Czeslaw Milosz in his fascinating book, *The Captive Mind*, classes *Nineteen-Eighty-four* with Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* as the only recent western books which make any sense to the intellectuals of the Soviet Empire. Milosz' elaborate description of Ketman—a technique for preserving some small corner of the soul from complete socialisation—is a theoretical account of Winston Smith's affection for his glass paper-weight.

The weakness of Orwell's novels may be brought out by comparison with those of another essentially political novelist, Malraux. In *La Condition Humaine*, for example, there is a set of unique characters with that solid quality that endows them with life outside the scope of the book. The moral situation in which they are presented has the indeterminate character of the important moral situations of real life, the characters have choices which are genuine and yet unobvious. Finally, the book is a technical triumph of organisation; its structure resembles the cutting of a particularly carefully directed film. By contrast, Orwell's people are just conventional bundles of familiar characteristics, their choices are either obvious (Comstock must get a real job and marry) or non-existent (Winston Smith is a puppet), and technically his novels are straight-

forward accounts of events from a single point of narration inside the hero.

A second instance of excessive simple-mindedness about human nature is provided by his attitude to religious belief. In a most interesting review of Eliot's 'Four Quartets', which has unfortunately not been reprinted, Orwell objects that the poems are based on a set of beliefs which no intelligent person can now sincerely hold. Religion in our time, as far as he was concerned, was either a device for deceiving others ('pie in the sky') or a means of deceiving oneself. He thought it impossible, however earnestly one tried, to do more than play at religious belief, indulge in it from time to time. At best this attitude must be held grossly to underrate the complexity of the human intellect.

So Orwell's success is observing and recording the world in which we live, the extraordinarily refreshing impact that his writing about it makes it achieved by a naivety which was perhaps partly deliberate. Yet his elimination of much of the complexity of human affairs has an effect comparably misleading to the thinking in abstractions which he fought so vigorously. For where the slogan-monger's abstractions conceal moral wickedness, Orwell's world of highly clear-headed and deliberate evildoers exaggerates it.

This leads to the third use of his sense of smell, as a source of opinions, an intuitive moral faculty. This comes out in his criticism of conventional socialist propaganda, his claim that demands made in the name of common decency were to be preferred to abstract theorisations about historical necessity and the other mythical beasts of the Marxists' zoo. He never doubted that if society were measured against the



George Orwell—'honest, pugnacious . . . humorous and modest'

standards of common decency the only course of action one could possibly support would be a socialist one. He had a sentimental abhorrence of industrial civilisation, and saw most socialist writers as gleefully embracing its logical conclusion, a world of machines with no place for effort and creativeness. This homespun, no-nonsense radicalism is reminiscent of Cobbett, another awkward, out-of-line progressive with a fine prose style, a hatred of urban life, and a set of hobby-horses. If there is nothing in Orwell quite corresponding to Cobbett's mania about paper money, the conspiracies he detected are not altogether dissimilar in their obsessiveness. He had a technique of lumping together the names of persons universally execrated with those of people whom he happened to dislike, which constituted a kind of accusation of guilt by association. On the other hand, his directness, for all its dogmatic excesses, was a splendid and timely prophylactic against certain prevalent forms of intellectual dishonesty. His suspicion of complex argument was and is needed at a time when the political use of language to which we are accustomed is almost wholly disingenuous. 'Any Marxist', he said, 'can demonstrate with the greatest of ease that bourgeois liberty of thought is an illusion. But when he has finished his demonstration there remains the psychological fact that without this bourgeois liberty the creative powers wither away'. This emphasis on the felt, the perceived, the concrete was a defence against mesmerism by sophistry and verbiage.

The comparison with Cobbett brings into relief another of his most admirable qualities—his humour. It is a very dry, straight-faced, English kind of humour, but it is a standing testimony to the humanity of his outlook. Here is a remark about Chesterton: 'He had not lived long in France and his picture of it—as a land of Catholic peasants incessantly singing the Marseillaise over glasses of red wine—had about as much relation to reality as "Chu Chin Chow" has to everyday life in Baghdad'. Then there is this about Gandhi: 'There must be some limit to what we will do in order to remain alive and the limit is well on this side of chicken broth'. Honest, pugnacious, and disinterested like Cobbett, he differed in being humorous and modest where Cobbett was smug.

His sense of smell, then, is something we have every reason to prize. Though it did not serve him very well as an interpreter of human nature and led him to exaggerate the malice and wickedness of his opponents, it

helped to restore ordinary human feeling to the discussion of politics in this country, to dissipate the fog of leftist cant about Russia, and to make us alive to the real subject-matter of English politics—the actual society in which we live. It is this last, this revision of the scope and content of political discussion, this throwing aside of the flawed lenses of the conventional Marxist categories, which seems to me, even more than his marvellous prose, to be his most remarkable achievement.

This book, *England Your England*, is advertised as the final collection of his essays. If true this is a pity, since the book does not include a magnificent long essay, 'Such, Such Were the Joys', about his preparatory school, which was found among his papers after his death and which is both as moving and as funny as anything he ever wrote. Four of the eleven pieces collected in the book have previously appeared in book form—two descriptive passages from *The Road to Wigan Pier*, the superb opening part of *The Lion and the Unicorn*, and 'Inside the Whale', an essay which moves from Henry Miller to a consideration of contemporary English literature in general and of the question, 'what is it now possible to write?' These last two are the best things in the book. 'Notes on Nationalism' is a comprehensive but rather disorganised account of those current political dogmas which share the power of making their holders indifferent to reality and impervious to reason. There is an interesting and very characteristic series of rather disconnected reflections called 'Looking Back on the Spanish War'. The remainder is made up of three short pieces about his reasons for writing, writers and politics and broadcast poetry, a descriptive sketch about Marrakech, and a short essay on anti-semitism. The last of these is unsatisfactory in its insistence that anti-semitism is a wholly irrational mystery.

Although this book does not add much to the corpus of Orwell's work, anyone who does not already possess them will want to own it for the sake of the title piece and 'Inside the Whale'. These two essays contain the essence of his views about society and literature and present them with a balance and comprehensiveness which makes them especially valuable as introductions to the rest of his work for those who know him only as the author of *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen-Eighty-four*.

—Third Programme

Robert Burns: an American Tribute

By FRANKLYN B. SNYDER*

I BEGIN what I have to say about Burns with two questions. Is there any other person in the whole field of English letters as sincerely beloved as he? I think not. Is there any other person whose birthday is as sure to be remembered as his? I think not. Not alone in Scotland, but also in England and Canada and the United States, on the continent of Europe and in far-away lands like India and Ceylon, January 25 is a notable anniversary. The lad who was born in Kyle on that stormy day, 194 years ago, has a grip of our affections which is without parallel in the English-speaking world.

For many years I tried to find some simple explanation for this fact, but always in vain. There is no one outstanding quality in Burns that accounts for his continuing hold on our hearts and minds. Rather should I say that there are four attributes of the man and his work which, taken together, do in a measure explain his unique position in our culture. These are his vibrant personality, his staunch patriotism, his broad human sympathy, and his consummate art.

When one thinks of the first of these, Burns' personality, one finds oneself at once baffled in any attempt at a satisfactory analysis or description. It is impossible to describe the perfume of a rose; how infinitely harder to describe the essential qualities of a human soul. Perhaps the simplest and the best thing ever said about Burns' personality came from the pen of Mrs. Walter Riddall, who, three weeks after his death, wrote for the *Dumfries Journal* a brief memoir of her friend and fellow townsman. In it she used these memorable words: 'Mr. Burns had an irresistible power of attraction'. That quality or combination of qualities which his friends in Mauchline and Dumfries recognised and appreciated, but could not possibly have explained, is still shining clear in the pages of his poems, and in many of his letters.

Second, we love him for his staunch patriotism. Burns was greatly interested in what we today call 'international development'. His powerful intellect ranged over all Europe and North America; he commented astutely on what was taking place there, and related it intelli-

gently to events in the British Isles. But he never forgot that he was a Scot, or allowed anything to dim his love for his native land. There is no inconsistency between Burns' love of Scotland and his broad human sympathy. Indeed, it is largely because he knew and understood the men and women of Mauchline village that men and women in Germany or Australia understand and love him today.

What gave him the key to the human heart? Two things above all others. It was Burns' fortune to labour with his hands; to know that only his daily toil stood between his family and disaster, and thus to become a comrade of the great mass of men who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. And it was Burns' fortune to love, and to write of the beauty, the pathos, the ecstasy of love, in such fashion as to link him to all who respond to this most universal of human emotions.

But in the last analysis it is Burns' great art which perpetuates his fame, and makes intelligible to us the personality, the patriotism, and the wide-ranging human sympathy. Do you find pleasure in a good song? in words and music skilfully blended? Then turn to Burns, the world's greatest master of song. Do you ask for a good story, perfectly told? He gives you 'Tam o' Shanter', superb in its impossible perfection. Do you despise hypocrisy, and seek someone to show the hypocrite in his true colours? Has anyone ever done it better than Burns in 'Holy Willie's Prayer'? Do you believe in the essential dignity of human nature? Read 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' and your faith will be strengthened. Are you concerned with what the outcasts of society think and feel? Read 'The Jolly Beggars'—the most magnificent and the most terrifying of Burns' poems. Not even Shakespeare could have done it so effectively.

Yes, this man whose birthday we commemorate, could write superbly well. He could weave the twenty-six letters of the alphabet into patterns of haunting beauty, and when all is said and done it is this great art that ensures Burns' permanent place in the minds and hearts of mankind.

—From a talk in the Scottish Home Service

* Professor Snyder, who is the author of a life of Burns, recorded his talk in Chicago

Ten Weeks in Brazil—III

The Jacked-up Skyscraper

By JULIAN DUGUID

IT seemed a perfectly normal skyscraper, standing on top of a hill. It was twenty-four storeys high, and its white face looked no different from the hundreds of other tall buildings that gleam in the centre of São Paulo. Yet, in fact, this skyscraper is unique. It is the only one in the world to start to fall down after erection and then to be pushed back into place. That happened ten years ago. There are no signs of a relapse, so one assumes that the cure is permanent.

The story is worth repeating. It illustrates the drive and ingenuity for which Paulistas have always been famous since the days when

their *bandeirantes* went storming across the continent, enlarging the frontiers of Brazil. This city, which lies upon a plateau, 3,000 feet above the ocean, has always looked down on its neighbours. São Paulo lives more dangerously. Like New York, it attracts the go-getters, the men of all nations and languages who hope to make their fortunes. Its people walk faster and think quicker: they have to in order to survive the brutal competition. It was, therefore, a matter of pride, though not of great astonishment, when one of their leading skyscrapers attained to a world-wide celebrity. It was the kind of thing that should happen in a city so unusual in character. It could certainly not have occurred in a backward place like Rio. For Paulistas are not at all modest. They see

no reason whatever to hide their achievements from strangers. They say with exasperated smiles that the rest of Brazil is full of slackers: that they alone know how to work. And to prove it they point to a twelve-hour day and to the fact that three-quarters of the taxes for the whole of their enormous country are paid by the people of the State of São Paulo. Half-seriously, they talk of seceding, of allowing the rest of Brazil to find its own way home. They earn the money, they insist: why should they not spend it on themselves? Rio is all right for a holiday, they remark in tones of contempt; but São Paulo should really be the capital. They are so brisk, so certain of their destiny, that it takes a certain time to notice they are living on a razor-edge. One rainless season, a breakdown in three or four generators in the power-house at Cubatão, could reduce them to poverty and want, perhaps even to revolution.

So it seemed to me that the story of the jacked-up skyscraper was more than a tale of enterprise that actually happened in real life. It was also something of an allegory.

I had the rare good fortune to be shown over São Paulo by one of its greatest architects. Dr. Arnaldo Dumont Villares is more responsible than anyone for the altered face of the city during the past twenty

years. He is a convinced friend of the British: a small, dynamic man who rushed me through the streets at a pace that was almost indecent in one who is over seventy. From time to time he would stop. Pointing at this building or at that, he would tell me its history and pedigree and how much it cost to erect. Presently, we came to the skyscraper which had caused all the trouble; and here he halted in reverence, for this was his major work of art. His eyes were full of affection as we stared at it across the road. It would not have surprised me violently if he had walked to its walls and patted them. His buildings were living creatures in his mind.

It was not at all easy in the sunlight, with the traffic streaming past, to imagine what had happened to the skyscraper. It was more than 300 feet high. It weighed 25,000 tons. In fact, it was as long and as heavy as the Royal Mail steamer *Andes* if she had been reaching skyward on her propellers. It was this enormous structure which had occasioned Dr. Villares a moment of dreadful panic one day in 1941. For, when the engineers started to install the lifts, it was found that they would not fit the shafts. Dr. Villares then discovered that the north-west corner was sinking. It was leaning twenty-five inches over the street and twenty-three inches to one side. Unless something were done fairly quickly, it would fall like a gigantic tree and crush the neighbouring buildings.

Moreover, it was not simply a matter of professional pride in a job less than perfectly done. There were penalties attached to failure. In Brazil, an architect is criminally responsible for any damage he may cause. Had the skyscraper collapsed with loss of life, Dr. Villares would have gone to prison.

Dr. Villares poked about the site. Rio is based on rock, but São Paulo has nothing but earth for at least 200 feet. The buildings stand on concrete, in the form of rafts or pillars; and Dr. Villares soon found that he had built on hidden quicksand. He tried pumping in cement. This made no difference to the sinking. He injected aluminium salt in an attempt to coagulate the soil. This also had no effect. So he drove 160 double-walled circulation-pipes sixty feet down into the ground. At the end of eight months, during which brine was forced through the pipes, the earth was frozen solid. Holes of four feet in diameter were then excavated through the floor of the basement; and these were filled with concrete, to form piers. Calcium chloride accelerated the setting, but the cold was so intense that the jack hammer chisels used in the excavation became brittle. They often broke after a minute. Nevertheless, the piers were completed. On top of them, and touching the foundations, Dr. Villares placed ten jacks. They ranged in size from



São Paulo, Brazil: left, centre, is the opera house

100 to 950 tons each; and they spent a full twelve months lifting their load into alignment at a fraction of an inch a day. A few cracks appeared in the plaster covering of the bricks; but no further subsidence has occurred. Courage and ingenuity had won.

A Fascinating City

São Paulo is a fascinating city. It has an American tang and pace. If you stroll through the crowded streets—and they always seem to be crowded—you are at once an object of interest: because nobody else is strolling. In shame, you quicken your step, observing the different shapes of head and the different shades of skin. For São Paulo is more truly cosmopolitan than anywhere else in Brazil. All the nations of Europe are there, Germans and Italians especially. So are many African faces; and the straight black hair of those with Indian blood. A friend of mine lives in a flat which looks down across the street into a building that illustrates the feel of the city. French monks have the storey on the top, the middle floors are European offices, and the ground floor is occupied by a cinema that shows films with Japanese sub-titles. Japanese have done well in Brazil. There are more than 250,000 of them, all the way from São Paulo to the Amazon. Twenty-five years ago, I used to see them in the Customs sheds in Santos as they came in their thousands as immigrants. Then, they looked rather forlorn, squatting on the concrete floor eating rice from banana-leaf plates. Now, they are mostly prosperous from their coffee plantations and their businesses. They are quiet Brazilian citizens; and the only word I heard against them is that they do not care to mix. They live in their Japanese colonies; and it is rare indeed to find them mingling with any other people.

São Paulo embodies a principle which is sweeping the world today. It is not purely a Brazilian movement, though it is very strong in Brazil. Everywhere I travel, the same thing seems to be happening. It is a powerful and passionate revolt against the pattern of the nineteenth century. Then, people came out from Europe, spent their working lives in South America and hoped to retire with a fortune. They sold European goods and services and sent the profits out of the country. The money was raised in London, and that was where the dividends were paid. At the time, it suited everybody. It developed the backward places, brought railways and electric power where they were needed. It gave employment to workers in England, especially to the cotton trade in Lancashire. But now that pattern is ending. Brazil is no longer content to buy so many of our products. She grows her own cotton and sees no reason whatever why she should not make her own materials. She wants to be independent, to be free of foreign competition. And that is the importance of São Paulo, because it is here that the factories are rising. The life of this city on the hills has a direct bread-and-butter bearing on the food in the shops of Manchester. It spells one more market in danger, in a world that is growing no easier for the too many people in these islands.

It is not, of course, as simple as all that for Brazil to break with the past. She has a tremendous patriotic enthusiasm, but that is not enough. Indeed, it is something of a hindrance. In the last twenty years, so many factories have gone up that there is no longer the power to run them. In São Paulo, the chaos is fantastic. Factories are working on short time, which increases the cost of goods. It is never certain when a building will have the current to operate its lifts. And I soon found that a skyscraper loses much of its beauty and charm when one has to walk fourteen floors to have a short talk with a friend. My hotel had a notice on its doors which announced with a certain smug pride that it possessed a private generator.

All Will be Well in 1956

São Paulo reacts to this discomfort with a curious muddle of emotions. There is perpetual fury with the company which supplies the light and power. There is also a gay belief that it will all come right in the end. Everyone says, when asked, that 1956 is the year when all will be well. Everybody says, when pressed, that he has not the faintest idea of how it is going to happen. It is simply that a failure of power would mean the end of São Paulo; and São Paulo is not going to end. Meanwhile more factories spring up in a blind surge of faith. I went to have a look at the power-house on which São Paulo depends. It is an astounding piece of engineering. Before experts got to work on it, the Tiete river flowed westwards to appear in Buenos Aires. Now, it climbs a mountain and drops 3,000 feet eastward to join the ocean at Santos. It is pumped up two tall steps. It fills many artificial lakes before running down eight huge pipes and then through eight large generators.

I had lunch in the engineers' mess in the village of Cubatão. They were obviously first-class men: but a gloomier lot of engineers I have never met in my life. They had one great grumble and one great fear. They were afraid that the climate was altering, that the dams would refuse to refill because of a lack of rain. There had been too many freak seasons lately to give them any comfort. At the moment, the main lake was twenty-five feet below normal. Where an ocean liner could have berthed, there was now a rowing-boat on a sand-bar.

Their lasting grumble, however, had nothing to do with rain. It was caused by local politics. The rise of new factories and the pressures on power was causing a vicious spiral. As engineers they knew that their generators ought to be rested, in turn, to be overhauled. Politicians forbade them to do it: all eight must run all the time. As a consequence, one was broken down and another on the point of collapse. As they saw it, São Paulo was heading for a quite inconceivable disaster in a quite foreseeable future. I put this point to the Mayor of São Paulo, Senhor Janio Quadros. He was lately elected by an astonishing mass-vote against the big-business candidate on the issue of cleaning up corruption. When I asked him why they did not forbid the building of new factories until the power supply had caught up, he smiled a little sadly. He said it was obvious and sensible, but at the same time political suicide. São Paulo was moving too fast.

So there it is: a great city on the sharp edge of danger. I cannot even guess what will happen; but when I think of that jacked-up skyscraper leaning twenty-five inches over the street, and how it returned to normal, I believe that the people of São Paulo will somehow find a way out of their troubles. They are too intelligent, and too energetic, to be beaten within sight of their desires.—*Home Service*

Kathleen Ferrier

(Died October 9th, 1953)

The deaf composer, the painter blind, the physician
Crippled: the desperate paradox is old.
But another must bleed on the altar of tradition:
The very fount of your mystery was defiled.

Still the song craved you for its own truth's sake.
Out of the shadows floated your sunlit tone,
Pure as first love, authoritative as heartbreak—
The Benedicite of the stricken swan.

Blows the wind southerly? you sighed. Ah no,
A more plutonic breath rapt you away.
If, crucified to its Gift, your secret nature
Implored of the shrouded countenance of the future
One glance of mercy, it was withheld from you,
Even when broke the all-estranging day.

STANLEY SNAITH

Eclipse

January 19, 1954: 12.50-4.13

So last night while we slept the moon
Crawled through the shadow's long black spear,
Finding in all that sun-ruled void
The darkness of the human sphere.

Our dreams were as incredible.
The little bodies froze, and then
Their longings soared and fell on worlds
Too distant for the years of men.

Tonight across the unflawed moon
Clouds like the ribbing of a shore
Pass endlessly, and life and planet
Take their far stations as before.

I pass into the house which wears,
As architecture must, its age:
Upon the rotting floor the moon
Opens its pure utopian page.

ROY FULLER

The Author of 'The Golden Bough'—III

By ALEXANDER MACBEATH

IN the eighties of last century when Sir James Frazer was a young classical scholar his curiosity was aroused and his imagination stirred by the prospect of a flood of new light on man and his ways. For this was the promise which seemed to be held out by the recently formulated theory of evolution and the ever-increasing volume of reports about the ways in which other people lived, which came from the missionaries, administrators, and travellers who followed the flag as the British Empire extended its rule. With all the confidence and enthusiasm of the late Victorian era, he compared the position of the social anthropologists of his day to that of classical scholars at the revival of learning.

'To these men', he writes, 'the rediscovery of ancient literature came like a revelation, disclosing to their wondering eyes a splendid vision of the antique world. . . . To us moderns a still wider vista is vouchsafed by the study which aims at bringing home to us the faith and the practice, the hopes and the ideals, not of two highly gifted races only, but of all mankind, and thus at enabling us to follow the long march, the slow, toilsome ascent, of humanity from savagery to civilisation. . . . We of today must recognise a new province of knowledge which will task the energies of generations of students to master.'

Work of a Long Lifetime

To the study of this new province of knowledge Sir James devoted his great gifts during a long lifetime, and the results of his labours fill more than forty volumes. In calling his study a science he was drawing attention to the fact that he used the inductive or empirical method; that his purpose was to describe, compare, and classify the thoughts and purposes, the ideals and beliefs of men in different countries and ages, and the customs, traditions, and institutions in which they embodied them. It was not to consider whether the beliefs were true or false, the institutions good or bad.

Frazer made a much more comprehensive survey than perhaps any of his successors, but he did not think that any one man could cover the whole field. He, therefore, confined his enquiries to what he called early or primitive peoples and institutions. Under this heading he included the ways of life both of contemporary savage or primitive peoples and of the earliest ancestors of civilised peoples of whom we have records, and to these he added the survivals of them which are to be found in the beliefs and practices, the folk lore and superstition of the more advanced peoples. In bringing these three sets of phenomena together he assumed not only that the human mind is essentially similar in all men, and that the ancestors of civilised peoples passed through the stages at which contemporary primitives now are, but also that there is the same essential similarity between the customs, traditions, and institutions in which the human mind finds expression among different peoples who are at the same stage of cultural development. Similar customs, traditions, and practices, whenever and wherever found, could therefore, he believed, be used to throw light on one another, and on the motives and beliefs which give rise to them. This is the foundation of the comparative method which he used in all his enquiries. His work consisted largely of making a wide preliminary survey of the facts, and by the use of the comparative method making what he modestly calls 'a rough and purely provisional classification' of them. This he regarded as his main contribution to social anthropology.

The form in which he cast the results of his enquiries was not the systematic development of an argument. That, he thought, would appeal mainly, if not merely, to his fellow anthropologists; and he wanted to reach a wider audience. He 'cast his work in a more artistic mould', he tells us, and he wrote 'as simply and clearly as he could' in order to attract a wide circle of readers, and bring home to them the bearing of his work on their own convictions and codes and institutions. In this he was entirely successful. The charm and grace of his literary style, the fertility of his imagination, the lightness with which he carried his great learning, and above all his modesty and intellectual honesty and freedom from dogmatism made a wide appeal to the educated

public. As a result he probably influenced the outlook of his contemporaries, especially on questions of religion and ritual, more profoundly than any other thinker of his generation.

And his appeal was not merely to the general public. Many of those who were to become leaders in social anthropology and pioneers in field work among primitive peoples tell us that they owed their interest in the work to which they were to devote their lives primarily to Frazer's writings. This is true not only of many British and American anthropologists, but also of men like Malinowski in Poland and Westermarck in Finland. Westermarck also tells us that he decided to make first-hand observations in the field because Frazer had expressed to him his own regret that he had had no opportunity to do so; and in his field work he carried with him *The Golden Bough* as a guide to what he ought to observe. Frazer's work also stimulated missionaries and administrators who had unique opportunities of observing backward peoples to make more systematic and accurate observations of their ways. He published a questionnaire which he circulated among such workers; he carried on an extensive correspondence with many of them; and he used their answers 'to fill in the gaps in the literary record and to vivify the dry bones of books and inscriptions'.

Moreover he never lost an opportunity of emphasising the importance of sending trained workers to undertake field work among 'primitive peoples so that a record of their ways of life could be obtained before they would be radically changed or annihilated by the impact of western civilisation. In his inaugural lecture as the first Professor of Social Anthropology we find the following eloquent and moving appeal:

Whenever the ancient customs and beliefs of a primitive race have passed away unrecorded a document of human history has perished beyond recall. Unhappily this destruction of the archives is going on apace. . . . It is, therefore, a matter of the most urgent scientific importance to secure without delay full and accurate reports of these perishing or changing peoples. . . . Soon, very soon, the opportunities which we still enjoy will be gone for ever. . . . The sands are fast running out; the hour will soon strike; the record will be closed; the book will be sealed. And how shall we of this generation look when we stand at the bar of posterity arraigned on a charge of high treason to our race? Let us awake from our slumber, let us gird up our loins. . . . I appeal to the universities, I appeal to the Government of this country.

And when he received the freedom of his native city he made a similar appeal to the business men of Glasgow.

Discovering Gaps in the Evidence

One cannot over-estimate the contributions which Frazer made to the development of social anthropology through arousing public interest in the subject and stimulating the curiosity of those who, in the field and in the lecture room, were to carry on the work which he began in the study, and yet all this was subsidiary to his main task. That was, as I have said, to collect, compare, and classify the facts about man's early beliefs, institutions, and practices which had been recorded in many lands and in many languages, and thereby to trace their origins, reconstruct their history, and discover the laws governing their nature and relations. For this purpose he devised concepts, formulated hypotheses, and greatly extended the use of the comparative method, which he inherited from Tylor and Robertson Smith. By these means he tried to fit the facts into a framework of theory and so discover the gaps in the evidence.

It is true that today few anthropologists would accept many of the conclusions which he tentatively suggested about such matters, for example, as the relation between magic and science or between taboo and morality or the origin of totemism or exogamy. Indeed, relatively few of them are interested in questions of origin at all, because they believe that conclusions about them are bound to be speculative and uncertain. Few of them would accept without further analysis and more precise definitions such general concepts as Divine King, Dying God, or Scapegoat, under which he organised his facts. Few of them use the comparative method in the way in which he did. When they do use it, the items

compared and the aims of the comparison are different from his; and some of them refuse to use it at all. And fewer still would accept without serious qualifications the evolutionary framework in which Frazer arranged his facts.

But all this is what Frazer himself expected and predicted. 'The study is still in its rudiments', he writes, 'and what we do now will have to be done over again and done better with fuller knowledge and deeper insight by those who come after us'. And again:

In this, as in other branches of study, it is the fate of theories to be washed away like children's castles of sand by the rising tide of knowledge, and I am not so presumptuous as to expect or desire for mine exemption from the common lot. I hold them all very lightly and have used them chiefly as convenient pegs on which to hang my collection of facts.

Concepts, hypotheses, and theories he regarded as tools of science. They serve the two-fold purpose of bringing order into the known facts and guiding further enquiries. But Frazer recognised that the facts at his disposal were often scanty and sometimes unreliable, based on inaccurate observation by untrained workers; and that many of his theories were merely conjectures supported by analogies.

Let me give two examples, one of a theory and the other of a concept, to show why his theories had to be modified and his concepts defined more precisely. He based his theory that magic everywhere preceded religion partly on the view that in the development of human thought the simplest comes first, and partly on the view that among the Australian aborigines, whom he regarded as the most primitive people of whom we have knowledge, we find magic everywhere and religion nowhere. But further observation of the aborigines has shown that among them we find religion as well as magic, as Frazer defined these terms. Moreover, the aborigines are not, in fact, the most primitive people of whom we have knowledge; and among the still more primitive peoples we find religion as well as magic. In addition, simplicity is not a characteristic of the primitive mind or of the untrained mind anywhere, as the complex languages and kinship systems of the most primitive peoples amply demonstrate.

Divine King and Dying God

As my second example I take the related concepts of Divine King and Dying God, on the analogy of which Frazer based his explanation of the practice of the Priestly King of Nemi—the subject of *The Golden Bough*. This priest was also called the King of the Woods. He guarded with his life the tree on which the Golden Bough grew, and he was always killed by his successor. Under the concept of Divine or Priestly King Frazer brought together from places as far apart in space and time as Egypt 5,000 years ago, Norway 1,000 years ago, and Borneo today, such diverse phenomena as powerful magicians who were also chiefs, kings who were believed to be gods incarnate, rulers who performed priestly functions, and representatives of gods who were also kings. And he argued, or rather suggested, that features which were discovered, some in one of these cases and others in another, could be combined into a pattern every item of which could be regarded as true at some stages in their development of all of them. Their comparison, as he says, 'enables us to borrow the links of one chain of evidence to supply the gaps in another'. For example, if in some cases the Divine King had a consort and their marriage was celebrated in ritual ceremonies, if in other cases similar ceremonies could be traced to concern with food and fertility, if in still further cases the Priestly King was put to death to prevent the loss of his vigour and vitality which might endanger the food supply of his people, then this pattern could be regarded as true of all of them. For, so the argument runs, if a certain item in the pattern is found in New Guinea today, why not in Babylonia 5,000 years ago, and if in New Guinea and Babylonia why not in Italy and in Norway? But modern scholarship has shown that items in this pattern which are found in one case are not in fact present in another, for example, that items which were present in Egypt were not to be found in Babylonia and *vice versa*; so that despite superficial resemblances the analogy on which the argument rests does not hold; and the differences are perhaps more significant than the similarities.

This, however, does not invalidate the comparative method. For it rests on the sound principle that the way to explain a particular fact is to relate it to others, to proceed from the particular to the general and from the general to the still more general until, in the end, we see the particular phenomenon not as unique or isolated but as an instance of a universal human tendency. But the comparative method must be used with great care and caution and the items compared must be genuinely

and not just superficially similar; and to ensure this the function as well as the form of a custom or an institution must be taken into account. Frazer, however, did not attach much importance to the theoretical aspect of his work. His theories and conclusions he stated not only without dogmatism but with modesty and even with diffidence. He did not profess to be a systematic thinker, giving final conclusions, but merely a collector and classifier of facts. Indeed, he explicitly states that the thread of theory which connected many of his facts was often in danger of snapping in his hands. It was at times little more than a literary device to enable him to connect groups of facts together, or, as he himself puts it, 'a stalking horse to carry pack-loads of facts'.

Not a Fully Fledged Science

But these considerations do not at all detract from the importance of Frazer's contributions to social anthropology. Tentative and provisional as his classifications and theoretical framework were, they introduced some order into the facts and stimulated and guided further enquiries, and this is what was needed at the pioneering stage at which he wrote. The fact is that even today social anthropology is not a fully fledged science in the sense of a systematic and growing body of knowledge in which every problem is considered from a common point of view and dealt with by the same method. It is rather the name for a group of problems more or less intimately connected; and the aims of those who investigate them and the methods which they find useful in solving them are different from one another. Since Frazer wrote, the tendency has been to analyse and distinguish and refine, and the further this work proceeds the more difficult it becomes to make a comprehensive synthesis of the kind he attempted.

The only conclusion which seemed to Frazer to follow from his enquiries with a high degree of certainty was the evolutionary theory which formed the framework within which all his facts were ordered. But though he sometimes refers to this as a conclusion established by the facts, it seems to have been rather an assumption which he never questioned and in the light of which he interpreted all his phenomena; and if the facts were first ordered according to the evolutionary theory, it is not surprising that as so ordered they should support it. Frazer was writing in the early days of the evolutionary theory when everything was being interpreted in terms of it, and when men confidently believed in steady and continuous if not even inevitable progress. In his later writings he is much less confident about the certainty of progress; and even in his earlier writings he stated the evolutionary hypothesis with caution and reservations. 'No one,' he writes,

could be more sensible than I am of the risk of stretching an hypothesis too far, of crowding a multitude of incongruous particulars under one narrow formula, of reducing the vast, nay inconceivable complexity of nature and history to a delusive appearance of theoretical simplicity.

It was only in the hands of some of his less cautious followers that the hypothesis hardened into the dogma that all men and all societies and all institutions have passed through the same stages in the same order—a dogma to which recent surveys of primitive peoples by trained workers give no support. This dogma is not necessarily implied in the use of the comparative method; and if general laws are ever to be discovered in social anthropology, they must be based on the use of that method.

But whatever be the present state or the future development of social anthropology, and whether it will ever become a single science which includes the whole life of mankind in one systematic survey as Frazer thought it should aspire to do, *The Golden Bough* will remain one of the great literary masterpieces of our language, not only an inexhaustible mine of anthropological facts, but also a spectacular work of constructive imagination.—*Third Programme*

Professor E. N. da C. Andrade contributes the latest addition to Collins' 'Brief Lives' series with his *Sir Isaac Newton* (price 7s. 6d.). Here is a masterly condensation of Newton's life and works written by one who is not only himself a scientist of distinction but who has the gift of writing. In these pages we are presented with a portrait of Newton in the round—the man as well as the scientist, and we are reminded of what many may tend to forget, that Newton was a devoutly religious man. 'In fact, we can say', declares Professor Andrade, 'without going far wrong, that his energies were devoted more or less equally to four pursuits: exact science; administration at the Mint; religious matters; and chemistry and alchemy'. He seems, however, to have had no warm human affection. The book contains a reproduction of Kneller's portrait of Newton, a chronological table of events in his life side by side with events in history, and a note on books about him.

The Way to God through Suffering

By MAUDE ROYDEN

DURING the whole long course of two world wars there was one thing that never failed to surprise and delight us. It was what the Ministry of Health used to call 'the stubborn good health of the nation'. The conditions in which thousands of people spent night after night in air-raid shelters were, especially in the earlier years of war, unspeakable. That there should not be outbreaks of all manner of infectious diseases starting in them would have seemed beforehand an impossibility. But the impossibility was achieved. The epidemics did not happen. The explanation was partly a quality of the mind. People were so strung up, so determined to rise to the needs of the time and do their duty, that they had, to use a common phrase, 'no time to be ill'. Still it remains one of the miracles of modern medical science that we should on the whole have sustained with immunity such fearful conditions for so long.

Will you think it strange if now, nearly nine years since the bombs ceased to fall, I find my mind dwelling on the legacy of ill health—of sheer physical and mental suffering—that the long agony of war has left behind? And it is suffering peculiarly hard to bear because it seems so futile. To suffer and die for a great cause, chosen by oneself—to be a martyr, in fact—is a thing that can be understood and accepted. But there is a weight of pain in the world now that we have not wanted or chosen; that seems futile and senseless. We see people brutalised by it. Too often we feel our hearts made callous by the incessant calls on our sympathy; when appeals to help this or that mass of suffering make us shut out the thought of it because, if we think of it, it is unbearable.

How can we hope to find in such suffering—our own or others'—any approach to God? I do not know 'how' but I do know it can be so. Some time ago there were broadcast the stories of four men who, in the hands of the enemy, had suffered terms of imprisonment in solitary confinement. The terms varied and I think the longest was two years. All those men found God. Three became Christians; the fourth, though he did not find a definite religious creed, yet found God. These men did not choose that suffering. And what could have seemed more futile than the form in which it came: solitary confinement? Yet I am surely not the only person who gathered from them inspiration and a stronger faith in the power of God.

Courage that Helps Others

That is true of much suffering. The pain that others bear without a murmur gives the rest of us fresh courage. And if that is so, how can we think it futile? The very terror and greatness of the world's suffering is a reason for accepting ours in a way that may help some other. I say, with all the earnestness in my power, to all who suffer, that their courage has again and again given me courage and their faith in God brought me back to God. 'It is true', a friend of mine writes, 'that by the grace of God the sufferer can triumph over intolerable pain. A woman I knew had the most appalling arthritis in her neck. Her head was forced down upon her chest so that she could not even see to read and she suffered excruciating pain. But I never saw her other than triumphant. Her room was like a sanctuary. No one who came to see her went away unhelpt by her serene courage and unbroken faith. If ever I felt the divine presence it was in her room'.

Let me tell you of another kind of courage. I met two refugees from Germany just before the second world war. Though Christian by faith they were Jewish by birth. They arrived here without friends, without money, without youth and strength to start a new life. One of them said to me: 'We sometimes think we ought to thank God for Hitler'. 'Why?', I asked in amazement, and the answer came: 'Because he has taught us that we need nothing but God. Hitler has taken from us everything else and now we know that God is enough. "Alone He sufficeth"'. Such was their approach to God. Who that heard them would not humbly seek to find Him also, who has given such strength unto men?

I love happiness. I long for it myself and even more for my friends. And yet I ask myself how many of us really find God if we have never known anything but happiness? How many lives do we feel have really

been worth living into which no pain has come? I dwell on this because I know it to be true of many of us. I do not forget that it leaves much unexplained. I cannot offer an explanation. I see indeed that in a world which has so turned away from God, so defied His laws, there *must* be suffering. But to say that is only to push the problem one step further back, for how did evil enter a world made perfect by a perfect God? We cannot say. We build our house on sand: it falls and crushes us. We know that we must build houses—homes are a necessity for us: and if anyone builds badly, there may be sometimes, no doubt, innocent people crushed under the ruins. Some of them are more than merely innocent: some have given warnings, have foreseen the crash, have tried to prop the building up. In vain: they too are crushed. And—here is the strangest thing—these very people are often the last to complain, the last even to wish for safety. Some of the greatest words in the Bible are those of a man who saw the coming disasters his people were bringing on themselves. He prayed thus: 'This people have sinned a great sin and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if Thou wilt, forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book'.

What Albert Schweitzer Saw

That was written centuries ago. It reappears in the thought of a man living today—Albert Schweitzer. He tells us how he was moved by the pain he saw around him, and not only that of men and women but of the whole creation. He goes on:

From this community of suffering I have never tried to withdraw myself. It seemed to me a matter of course that we should all take our share of the burden of pain which lies upon the world. Even while I was a boy at school it was clear to me that no *explanation* of the evil in the world could ever satisfy me; all explanations, I felt, ended in sophistries, and at bottom had no other object than to make it possible for men to share in the misery around them with less keen feelings.

A number of societies today study the religions of mankind. On its official notepaper one such society has a heading running across the top of each sheet. It contains representations of the great founders of religions, each in a characteristic pose. Some are teaching or preaching, some are reading, some are wrapped in meditation. Only one is suffering. Only Jesus of Nazareth hangs on a cross. For this reason I feel, as millions have felt, that only Jesus of Nazareth can meet me in my utmost extremity. He only is shown to us 'triumphant over pain'.

There are still questions that we long to answer, cries that are wrung from us by our own or others' pain, to which, it seems, there comes no answer from a remote, all-powerful, unheeding God. To this I answer only one thing—the thing that made and keeps me not only in belief in God but in the Christian idea of God. Of all the great founders of world-faiths there is only this One who can teach us what Christ taught; for there is only One who is crucified.

Here is a passage from Dora Greenwell's book, *Colloquia Crucis*:

That death of anguish which Scripture declares to be 'necessary' though it does not explain wherein its dire necessity resides, convinced me that God was not content to throw, as theologians and moralists can do so easily, the whole weight and accountability of sin and suffering upon men, but was willing, if this burden might not as yet be removed, to share it with his poor, finite, heavily burdened creature. When I looked upon my agonised and dying God, and turned from that world-appealing sight, Christ crucified for us, to look upon life's most perplexed and sorrowful contradictions, I was not met with the cold platitudes that fall so lightly from the lips of those whose hearts have never known one real pang nor whose lives one crushing blow. I was not told that all things are ordered for the best, nor assured that the overwhelming disparities of life were but apparent; but I was met, from the eyes and brows of Him who was indeed acquainted with grief, by a look of solemn recognition, such as may pass between friends who have endured between them some strange and secret sorrow, and are through it united in a bond that cannot be broken.

A bond that cannot be broken: between us and God. So I go back in thought to the one God who shared our sufferings. In the darkness we find Him, and though He offers no glib explanation of the darkness He gives us strength to endure; and we know Him and believe and worship.

—Home Service

NEWS DIARY

January 27-February 2

Wednesday, January 27

Western Foreign Ministers criticise at meeting in Berlin Mr. Molotov's proposal to hold a five-power conference including China

Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence, reviews progress made in the United Kingdom's long-term rearmament plan

Special delegate conference of National Union of Mineworkers recommends acceptance of wage offer made by National Coal Board

Thursday, January 28

Conference of Foreign Ministers in Berlin agrees to a further discussion of Mr. Molotov's proposals for a five-power conference at a private session. Mr. Molotov also proposes a conference to consider the reduction of armaments

The Chancellor of the Exchequer returns home from Commonwealth Finance Ministers' conference in Sydney

Government withdraws application for ships of Home Fleet to visit Spanish ports in the spring owing to the recent anti-British demonstrations in Spain

Friday, January 29

Mr. Eden puts forward in Berlin a western plan for the reunification of Germany

The Queen makes a farewell broadcast to the people of New Zealand

Captain Gerald Griffiths, a British army officer, is arrested in Kenya on charges of ill-treating Africans

Saturday, January 30

Mr. Molotov replies in Berlin to Mr. Eden's plan for German reunification

Signor Fanfani, the new Italian Prime Minister, is refused a vote of confidence by the Chamber of Deputies

Sunday, January 31

Intense cold covers England and most of Europe

A committee appointed by the High Commissioner of Malaya publishes its report on the subject of free elections

The east German Government sends its proposals for settling the German problem to the four-power conference in Berlin

Monday, February 1

Mr. Molotov puts forward Russia's proposals for a German peace treaty

Commons discuss decision to adopt Belgian rifle for British Army

Viet-minh forces advance towards the capital of Laos

Tuesday, February 2

Mr. Dulles replies to Mr. Molotov's charges against Western Powers

Chancellor of Exchequer speaks in Commons about decisions of Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference



The liner 'Gothic', with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on board, leaving Bluff, New Zealand, on January 30 for Australia. The liner reached Sydney yesterday



The military parade held in Delhi on January 26 to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the founding of the Indian republic

Right: the 'All Blacks', the New Zealand rugby team, doing their traditional Maori war dance before their match against England at Twickenham on Saturday which they won by five points to nil



Skating on Wimbledon the week-end, temperature freezing point through in every county. Two lost their lives by



A team of Royal Navy divers before the week. The photograph shows two from one of the motor cutters





Saturday. Over
ed below or at
y and snow fell
n and one adult
n frozen ponds



the Thames last
aping overboard
S: 'Annet'



Icicles festooning one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, London



R. Green winning the annual seven miles walking championship of the Stock Exchange Athletic Club, held last Saturday on the Outer Circle of Regent's Park, London



Dutch children at Volendam trying out the ice on the fringe of the frozen Zuider Zee last week. The intensely cold spell has been affecting all Europe: last week-end icebreakers were used to clear canals and rivers in Germany, Holland, and France, and in the Abruzzi mountains of Italy many villages were cut off by heavy snowfalls



The designation order for the Exmoor National Park, consisting of about 265 square miles of Devon and Somerset, was signed last week. A view looking southwards over the village of Oare in the new National Park

Party Political Broadcast

'Why All This Talk of Strikes?'

By WILFRID BURKE, M.P., Chairman of the Labour Party

I EXPECT many of you have felt worried lately with all the talk there's been about strikes. 'Strikes' are ugly things, as I know from my own experience in the 'twenties and 'thirties, and sooner or later they affect every one of us. They slow down production all round and so bring hardship to the families of workers who are not concerned with the strikes at all. In the end there's less to sell and less to go round for every family in Britain.

We've been fortunate in this country since the war: we've had a long period of industrial peace—so long that some people began to think we should never see a big strike again. But suddenly the calm has been broken and we've been reading nearly every day of strikes and threats of strikes, involving, I suppose, upwards of 5,000,000 workers. Yet we ought not to be surprised. We ought not to forget that during the five years that followed the first world war nearly twenty times as many working days were lost in industrial disputes as in the same period after the second world war. We ought not to forget that there have been recently strikes in many other countries; in France, Italy, and in the United States. And strikes can still happen here even though nobody likes them and even though they have become the trade unions' last weapon, to be used only when persuasion and argument have failed.

Why is it that we're now facing these threats of strikes all over again? I think the easiest way to find the answer is to first ask why we used to have strikes and then why we have had so long a period with practically none. In the old days before trade unions came into being, the power of the employers' money used to settle things. On his own, the worker could do nothing to defend his rights. But lined up with his fellows, with a trade union to speak and act for him, the worker could protect himself from injustice and hardship. Then, when argument failed and the workers felt they had an overwhelming case for higher wages and better conditions, and the employers offered little or nothing—then we had strikes, many strikes. It was hard and cruel experience that taught the British workers the importance and necessity of sticking together.

And hard experience taught the workers another lesson just as important. We have learned that there are many things that even the strongest trade union can't get for us—things that even the best of employers with the best will in the world can't guarantee to provide. We know that a good job and a good wage will come to an end if there's a slump in trade. So the trade unions take a keen interest in the country's economic problems and the prospect of trade with other countries, and we have urged on governments the need to pursue policies of full employment and provide social security and other necessary safeguards for the workers in all industries. Trade unionists believe that it's the job of governments, employers, and workers to create conditions that will help to keep peace in industry. So when something's gone wrong, as it's gone wrong now, we know that it's because one of these has failed—or perhaps all three together.

Take the Government first. I'm not attacking Sir Walter Monckton and his colleagues at the Ministry of Labour. They've tried hard to preserve peace and to bring the parties in dispute

to the conference table. But many of Sir Walter's troubles are caused by the Government of which he is a member. It was the present Government that started up the pressure for wage demands by getting rid, as fast as they could, of Labour's policy of planning and fair shares.

Let me explain. Mr. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is always reminding us that Britain faces a serious problem. He tells us over and over again that to preserve full employment we must sell abroad enough of our manufactured goods to pay for the food and raw materials we need. And he's dead right. We're still in danger. We have to go on exporting as much as we possibly can, and that is bound to make it harder to provide more goods for you and me to buy here at home in Britain. This problem faces Mr. Butler today—as it faced Sir Stafford Cripps when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Stafford had to call on the people of Britain to produce more, to work longer hours and yet to let much of the fruits of their labour go for export. That meant asking workers to go easy with wage demands and shareholders to forgo higher dividends.

The workers responded wonderfully to that appeal. In the five or six years just after the end of the war, the organised workers of this country were in a stronger position than ever before. We had more than full employment—there was a desperate shortage of every kind of labour. If the unions had used the bargaining power that the shortage of labour gave them—as employers have used their power in times of unemployment—they could have held the nation to ransom. But they didn't do so. The Labour Government asked everybody to exercise restraint and the workers responded because they knew that harder work and greater productivity would go to help the nation as a whole to reach independence and solvency.

Some people, you will remember, sneered at this policy and called it austerity. I call it fair shares and common sense. A policy of every man for himself would have meant a mad scramble for bigger profits, bigger wages, bigger social security payments—a scramble from which nobody would have benefited in the long run. For a time we got away from the idea that it was right for everyone to play for his own hand. Labour used controls, not for their own sakes, but to keep the economy balanced and to see that first things came first.

Mr. Butler reversed these policies. He decided to rely on what he calls 'incentives' to solve our problems for us. Now there's nothing wrong with incentives as long as we keep in mind that there's a definite limit to what they can achieve. Some workers benefit from bonuses or from income-tax cuts, but there are others, like shop-workers in my union, who don't get bonuses, and who don't earn enough to pay income tax. Then there are men like the railway signalman. You can't offer him a bonus to put more trains through than the lines will safely take or than are set down in the timetable. Yet these are the sort of people who were hardest hit when the Government increased the price of basic foods. The tax reliefs that were paid for by cuts in the subsidies have meant nothing to the folk in these jobs.

Something similar is true of private businesses. No doubt there are firms where the owner will try harder to sell his goods abroad if he can keep

a bit more of the profit for himself. But many others find it easier, as a result of Mr. Butler's policies, to make more money here in Britain, when what the country really needs is for them to sell their goods abroad and earn dollars. Encouraging these people to earn more profits and pay bigger dividends to shareholders doesn't help the country as a whole. It leads to a big growth in luxury spending which the nation just can't afford.

That's how Mr. Butler's policy has worked out in practice. The part of the national cake that we consume at home today is slightly larger than it was two years ago under a Labour Government. But the poorer people are getting less of it and the wealthier people are getting more.

Of course it's difficult for any British government, depending as we do on what happens in the world outside, to have full control over the cost of living. But it's a remarkable fact that last year the cost of living remained steady or fell in most other west European countries while in Britain it went up, although the cost of our imports has been falling. It's an even more unpleasant fact that it is the essential foods, those that everyone needs, which have risen most in price, while in recent months the prices of some of the luxury foods have fallen. This is not an accident. It was bound to happen, when the Government decided to do away with common sense planning and to leave things to the law of supply and demand.

So I say a big share of the responsibility for industrial unrest today lies fairly and squarely with the Government. Working people who are paying more for their essential foods can see more fortunate people getting and spending more. They read Mr. Butler's speeches in which business men are urged to go out and do a bit better for themselves. They see profit put before patriotism and self-interest before a sense of duty. Do you wonder that the whole atmosphere has changed since the days when Labour was asking everybody to put the nation first?

So much for the Government's policy. What about the employers? How far has their policy helped towards good relations? I'm not going to pretend that the manager's job in large-scale industrial society is an easy one. He has to help to maintain full employment, pay decent wages, give good conditions to his work-people, and provide a reasonable reward for the shareholders who have put money in the business. But that isn't all. It's his responsibility, too, to see that the business is efficient and that it serves the national interest. Under the Labour Government, firms were encouraged to keep their profits in their businesses, instead of paying them out in bigger dividends to shareholders. Sometimes, this meant that firms held back wage increases that they might otherwise have given. But that was in the national interest. It kept prices down for everybody, including the workers who might have got a bit more just for themselves.

That's not what is happening today. Too many firms are handing out their profits in bigger dividends to shareholders, instead of putting them back into the business. According to *The Financial Times*, which is a long way from being a socialist paper, 39 per cent. of the earnings of industrial companies were distributed in dividends in 1953 compared with 30 per cent. in 1952, and that at a time when business earn-

ings as a whole were temporarily lower. And then, look at what happened in steel. When steel was publicly owned, stockholders were paid 3½ per cent. on their capital. That was a fair return. But when the Government sold off the United Steel Company to private investors they offered nearly twice as much and they paid nearly £500,000 commission to the big financiers who did the job for them—a commission earned for doing next to no work at all.

We see the same kind of shocking thing with what are called 'take-over' bids. Some of them have been no more than big stock-exchange gambles that have allowed financiers to make large capital gains without doing any work at all or rendering any service to the community. Sometimes the mere threat of a 'take-over' drives companies to pay out more dividends than they otherwise would do. Well, when dividends are pushed up, workers naturally want to know why they can't have higher wages. How can the Government expect the workers to be more moderate with wage demands, when at the same time they see luxury spending and luxury industries expanding?

This is bad business and bad morals and it was bound to lead to wage demands. If we want to keep prices and wages stable we've got to stop this sort of thing. You can't haggle over odd shillings in the worker's pay packet if property companies are free to make thousands by playing the stock market. Managements have to think less in terms of outsize profits and more in terms of productivity, less in terms of dividends and more in terms of investment. Workers must be taken more into confidence so that we can all feel and act as part of a great enterprise with a common purpose.

Now what about the workers—and I shall speak frankly. I've a right to for I'm a worker myself. Yes, we're fully entitled to safeguard our standards of life and those of our families. We're entitled to demand decent basic minimum rates in all industries and something more for extra skill and responsibility. We're entitled to the full use of negotiating machinery and we're entitled to organise and strike to ensure that reasonable claims are met both by Government and employers. But, as workers, we have our duties to the community. We've a duty not to start an

endless chase between wages and prices by pressing claims the nation can't afford. We've a duty not to be led into using the strike weapon just to stir up trouble for a cause alien to Britain. We've a duty, whether on piece work or basic wage, to do our job as well as we can and not only to think of what we can get out of it but also of what we can put into it. We've a duty to look for higher productivity and greater efficiency, for that's the only way in the long run of helping the nation and helping ourselves as well.

How can we get better relations in industry? Only by getting away from this grab-all-you-can atmosphere. It's this that divides the farmer from the housewife, the worker from the employer, the skilled from the unskilled, the railwayman from the engineer. Instead, we need a balanced, planned economy, a spirit of service, not a free-for-all scramble. We need a Government that will mobilise the spiritual as well as the physical energies of our people, a Government willing to accept great responsibilities and to make great demands upon us all. We need a Labour Government.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The American Attitude of Mind

Sir,—I may be doing Harold Nicolson an injustice but I found a certain ambiguity in his talk (THE LISTENER, January 28) which may leave your readers thinking that Britain's rights in the Suez Canal were originally acquired 'by force' while America's rights at Panama came through 'sweet reasonableness'. The reverse is nearer the truth.

Disraeli bought seven-sixteenths of the Suez Canal shares in 1875 for £4,000,000 from the spendthrift, Khedive Ismail. The Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty of 1903 which gave to the United States its rights in Panama, was only signed after the American Government had connived at a Panamanian revolution. Ignoring a treaty of 1846 by which Colombian sovereignty over the isthmus had been guaranteed, the United States government prevented Colombia from landing troops to put down the revolt of its subjects in Panama. Not only had Colombia previously refused to ratify a canal treaty with the United States but Bunau-Varilla had had conferences with President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay before sailing to engineer the revolt in Panama. He himself was a Frenchman who had been a chief official in the bankrupt French company whose rights in the isthmus had been bought by the United States.

Could there be a more blatant tale of force and fraud? Americans were quick to realise this and their conscience-stricken diplomacy brought compensation to Colombia in 1914. But they have kept the Canal, and are not so much 'wholly ignorant' as 'eager to forget' an incident which runs counter to their own image of themselves.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

W. A. BARKER

The Beliefs of Science

Sir,—I am afraid that the Rev. E. H. Robertson (THE LISTENER, January 28) has been misled by Dr. Polanyi's article in *The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science*. Science is not, like religion and magic, a 'comprehensive system of beliefs' as Dr. Polanyi says, but a

method for obtaining increasing knowledge of the universe, which knowledge is expressed in facts and theories. The facts, which I have defined (in *Science: its Method and its Philosophy*, Allen and Unwin, 1950) as 'assertions that can be verified', are not in doubt; the theories are held with varying degrees of belief according to their success in accounting for the facts, and suggesting new facts that might be discovered. A scientist's belief in a theory is liable to be modified, or even abandoned altogether, for it is no virtue in science, as it is in religion, to maintain a belief in the face of contrary evidence.

Mr. Robertson, quoting from Dr. Polanyi, says: 'The process of selecting facts for our attention is the same in science as among the Azande' (an African tribe believing in magic). But the examples given in support of this fantastic statement refer to non-attention to certain facts and theories. It is true that some scientists, having human failings, do not give enough attention to experimental results, or hypotheses, that might upset their belief in a certain theory, but there is no exclusive 'process of selection of facts for our attention' in science, in order to maintain belief in prevailing theories. A competent scientist, like Darwin, always makes special notes of observations which seem to refute his theories (*ibid.*, page 154).

Discussions about science and religion only result in obscurity if a precise distinction is not made between facts and theories. Belief and doubt, in varying degree, can apply only to the theories; facts are not in doubt because they are assertions that any normal person could verify.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

G. BURNISTON BROWN

Sir,—The Rev. E. H. Robertson's talk, 'The Beliefs of Science', on Professor Polanyi's recent study of frameworks, is stimulating yet elusively perplexing.

Robertson wants to place 'science in this way on the same level as religion as something that also depends on its own assumptions and its own system of beliefs'. For 'discovery, verifica-

tion, and falsification proceed according to certain maxims which cannot be precisely formulated, still less proved or disproved'. And no doubt scientific enquiry does ideally proceed according to certain canons of argument and evidence none of which, whether or not they are susceptible to any sort of rational justification, are open to the same sorts of verification or support (or the reverse) as is available with particular scientific hypotheses, theories, or even laws. 'These maxims... may be said to constitute the premises of science, but they might equally be called our scientific beliefs'. But this will not do at all. None of the particular bits of science depend on these as their assumptions: any more than the conclusion of a valid syllogism depends, not merely on the truth of its premises, but on assuming as a further premise of faith the principle according to which the inference is made (see Lewis Carroll).

'It is quite impossible to prove to the Azande people that they are believing in something which is false' (in the matter of the efficacy of poison-oracles). The impressiveness of this observation depends on an ambiguity in 'prove': surely there is nothing to prevent you providing an elegant experimental demonstration; but this may very well not carry conviction. It should be less surprising to realise that a primitive people may be stubbornly superstitious, than to notice that sophisticated Stalinists inexorably insist that there are no accidents: 'if a boiler explodes or a train is derailed, somebody has been guilty of sabotage'.

But indeed it is true both that fruitful discussion is possible between people only in so far as they share canons of evidence and argument; and that some people follow canons which leave much to be desired.

Yours, etc.,

Old Aberdeen

ANTONY FLEW.

Sir,—I should like to call attention to two errors of some importance that occur in the Rev. E. H. Robertson's talk about the 'Beliefs of Science'.

In discussing Dr. Polanyi's paper he gave two quotations used by Dr. Polanyi and introduced the second one thus:

The second quotation is by a Freudian, Karin Horney, again in terms used when he was still a convinced believer in the teaching of Freud. Here are the words he uses:

The first error is a grammatical one: for 'he', the Rev. E. H. Robertson should have written 'she', for Dr. Horney was a woman.

The second error is less obvious. In writing '... when he [she] was still a convinced believer ...' the Rev. E. H. Robertson seems to imply that Dr. Horney could be accurately described as either a 'convinced believer' or a 'non-believer' in Freud's theories. Now some of them she used, and some of them she did not: psychoanalysis does not have Thirty-Nine Articles. Just as one does not become an Englishman by living in Kent, one does not cease to be one by living in Bangkok.

If in later years Dr. Horney tended to use linguistic models other than Freud's, it was not because she 'believed in them' either more or less.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

C. S. WEBBER

The Convertibility of Currencies

Sir,—We want to agree very much with Mr. Falk on the subject of convertibility (THE LISTENER, January 28). He wants full convertibility and, as I understand him, wants to let exchange rates find their natural level as the result of simple demand and supply.

This is an ideal and we should all like to see it. But let us get down to brass tacks. Let us pass from the general to the particular; in effect, to us. As a result of my professional experience I can tell Mr. Falk that there are, unhappily, many people in this country who at any price would immediately convert their sterling into dollars. When discussing convertibility everybody bilks the question of floating capital funds or 'funk money' as it was less elegantly but more accurately called.

Then there are the very large sterling holdings (about £4,000,000,000) held by the Dominions, Colonies and other countries (sometimes perforce). This huge fund would at once become vulnerable. A taxi might backfire in Berlin and the lot would disappear in smoke.

It is not everybody who knows about our miserable experience with the \$1,000,000,000 loan in 1946. We had very little of it, but we have to pay it back. Several continental countries, one notoriously quick off the mark, converted their sterling balances into dollars as soon as the convertibility clause was invoked. We now have all the opprobrium of beggars cap in hand without the ha'pence.

This is a shining example of what might happen if our exchange *guichets* are thrown wide open.

And then there is the experience of E.P.U. (not forgetting Benelux). This is convertibility in miniature. And what is the result? Two members are hopelessly bankrupt (of foreign exchange). One, Germany, is a huge creditor, faced with closing markets and unwanted gold and forced to accord the unforeseen 'rallonge'. Another country is drifting rapidly into currency bankruptcy (France), whilst yet another (ourselves) is deeply in debt and struggling heroically not to spill over the quota.

I do not want to throw cold water over Mr. Falk. But my experience of international honesty and the unholy principle of *rebus sic stantibus* since 1930 leads me to a profound cynicism.

It may be well to think about an international convertibility but let us examine just whether we can take the plunge.

Yours, etc.,

Gidea Park

G. E. ASSINDER

Facts about Television

Sir,—As an educational broadcaster from the United States I was pleased to notice that the report on the new Unesco volume, *Television: a World Survey*, which appeared in THE LISTENER for January 21 was devoted mainly to American educational television. However I was somewhat surprised to find in it several factual errors.

The 139 television stations on the air in March 1953 did indeed include one licensed to an educational institution in Iowa, but the licensee is Iowa State College and not the University of Iowa as the Unesco volume states; and the station is commercially rather than non-commercially operated, as THE LISTENER adds. You also interchanged the dates of the 'freeze' and the 'thaw': the issue of construction permits was suspended in September 1948 rather than early in 1952; it was in April 1952, in fact, that the end of the freeze was announced.

In order to bring up to date the January 1953 information quoted from the report, I might state that as of January 1954, forty-five applications for non-commercial construction permits had been filed; of these twenty-nine had been granted, and two were on the air with several others upcoming. In addition two other educational institutions were broadcasting on non-reserved channels, one on a commercial and the other on a non-commercial basis.

Admittedly, the task of organising a community and raising funds for an educational television station is difficult, but the educators and educational broadcasters have joined forces, and several organisations have been created to advance the cause. The Joint Committee on Educational Television in Washington, D.C., made up of several nation-wide educational and educational broadcasting associations, is at once organising educators and representing them legally before the Federal Communications Commission. The National Citizens Committee for Educational Television in Washington works to develop local community interest outside of educational circles. And the Educational Television and Radio Center in Ann Arbor, Michigan, is building and circulating among educational television stations a library of appropriate films and telefilms.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.13

BURTON PAULU

The Author of 'The Golden Bough'

Sir,—In his attack on Frazer (subtly disguised as a eulogy) the Rev. Victor White (THE LISTENER, January 21) makes use of the first person plural and professes to speak for what he calls 'the general reader'. In fact he speaks only for himself and a few of his friends. He has nothing to say about what one of your reviewers (on page 143) describes as 'the implications for the Christian doctrine of the Atonement and the Eucharist of [Robertson Smith's] remarkable researches in the comparative study of religion, to which the late Sir James Frazer has borne such eloquent testimony'. We are now familiar with the myth of the dying and resurrecting vegetation deity, the ritual slaying and the eating of his flesh. When Frazer began, all this had to be pieced together with bits of evidence from many different sources, written and archaeological; since then the fourteenth-century Ras Shamra texts have provided us with the 'book of the words', confirming Frazer's views in a striking and (one might have thought) conclusive manner. The historical origin of the Christian myth and ritual from earlier vegetation ones in the same land appears to an unbiased observer pretty obvious. But when we try to discuss these matters in print, pointing out, for instance, resemblances between the Eucharist (or Mass)

and the pagan ritual we are apt to be suppressed. Will you not suggest to the authorities a talk on 'The Mass regarded as a Fertility Rite'?

Yours, etc.,

Nursling

O. G. S. CRAWFORD

Sir,—The Rev. Victor White, O.P., confuses the study of religious phenomena with the study of religion: or perhaps he means that one cannot be studied without the other. But surely a man who does not believe may be capable of observing, analysing, and understanding the practices of those that do, without necessarily claiming to understand the significance to the believers of their belief. I would go further and suggest that lack of rational belief in God as an exterior entity with separate existence need not imply lack of belief that God exists as a human idea and as a sacred symbol of Man's highest ideals.

The celibate priest, having hormones in common with his parishioners, does not doubt his capacity to understand, and his authority to advise on, subjects of profound and intimate significance to them of which he can have no personal knowledge. So may the rational humanist claim understanding of the Numinous, without sharing the personal knowledge by revelation of his (to him) less rational, and perhaps more fortunate, fellow humans.

The celibate priesthood reminds us constantly, and to our benefit, that all human life, even 'in utero', is sacred. May not the humanist suggest that there is value in the idea that the sacred is no less sacred for being a symbolic solution of fundamentally human origin?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

J. B. LOUDON

Sir,—In his letter on the significance of Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, your correspondent C. J. Wright does little more than to show that his own intellectual understanding of dogma still lingers in the Victorian age when it was no doubt possible, in the light of insufficient examination of the evidence, to equate all myth with 'inherited superstition'. Modern scholarship has gone much further than was perhaps possible for Frazer's generation, in showing the essential nature of the myth as a means of interpreting experience, as valid as ratiocination within its own terms. Moreover, Frazer's revelation of repetitive mythological patterns such as Virgin births or God-eating ceremonies does not logically prove the superstitious nature of dogma. Rather does it prove the opposite. The myths in fact show a persistent psychological necessity. Men need to experience life in mythological terms; they must, as Jung has shown, create their religious and social archetypes. To attempt to prove or disprove dogma or myth as historical fact is completely to misunderstand its nature. To argue whether there was a historical Virgin birth or a historical Resurrection is to take myth out of its context. They exist as spiritual or psychological facts, and their reality is of the present moment and not just of past history.

I would add that I am neither a Roman Catholic nor an Anglican, but having met Mr. Wright's views expressed so often in my extramural classes I feel I must, in the interest of scholarship, point out how antiquated those views are.—Yours, etc.,

Ilkeston

GERALD WALTERS

Buddhism and the Enlightenment of Man

Sir,—The letter from A. C. Bouquet in THE LISTENER of January 21 on Professor Malasekera's broadcast, calls for some comment.

Hinayana Buddhism represents a substantial and prior minority, including Ceylon and Burma.

It may be limited in its exclusion of primitive cults and philosophical speculation, but it claims to preserve the teachings of the Buddha as recorded by his disciples immediately after his passing.

Buddhism is more than western humanism, in that, while deploring human bondage and its cause, it shows the way to true freedom within the fundamental Unity, and provides an example whom all can follow. A movement for unification was set on foot about fifty years ago by Col. H. S. Olcott, late President of the Theosophical Society, who compiled a Buddhist catechism for use in schools, after prolonged consultation with all branches and final agreement.—Yours, etc.,

Braemar

W. D. SETON BROWN

Winter Harvest

Sir,—I thought Mr. Ivor Jones' broadcast on reed cutting in East Anglia in 'The Eye-witness' (printed in THE LISTENER of January 28) was extremely interesting, delightful and factual. It is indeed pleasing to find a reporter who takes the trouble to prepare a talk so thoroughly.

However, one point does strike me: the talk seems to imply that reed thatching is confined to Norfolk and Suffolk, but I can assure you that this is not so. Our organisation has, over the past few years, thatched the 'Queen's Cottage' in Kew Gardens; a number of houses in the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, and Northern Ireland; Derrymore House, near Newry, for the National Trust. Last year we thatched some old cottages in Crantock, Cornwall, and a thir-

teenth-century inn at Llangynwyd village, near Bridgend, in Wales.

We find that, owing to the short length of life of straw, the majority of people are having their houses thatched with Norfolk reed because of its exceptional endurance, and I can assure you reed thatching is far from being a dying craft.—Yours, etc.,

Chorley Wood

HAROLD E. G. SALKILLD,

Director, Norfolk Reed Thatchers

Sir,—In 'The Eye-Witness', Ivor Jones the reporter described the reaping of the reed harvest in East Anglia which takes place in the middle of winter. I would like to correct one or two mistakes which were made, as it seriously reflects on the work of thatchers, not only in Norfolk, but in other parts of the country. One statement made was that a reed thatch had lasted 300 years. The life of Norfolk reed is about fifty to eighty years. Reed has lasted for perhaps 200 or 300 years as a base on which plaster is laid for ceilings, but certainly never as a roof covering.

In this talk Mr. Piggin was quoted as making a slighting reference to straw as a material for making a roof. Straw is the main material used for thatching in most parts of the country and is the traditional material in most of East Anglia. Straw can look just as well if not better than Norfolk reed if laid properly, and the technique of laying of what is known as long straw is just as difficult as Norfolk reed. In fact, Norfolk reed is a 'pretty-pretty' material, which originated on summer houses and cricket pavilions and has spread in our lifetime only into other parts of the country.

There is the technique of laying straw known as combed wheat reed, which is peculiar to the south-west of England, and which when properly laid is every bit as efficient as a roof covering and as picturesque as Norfolk reed.

Mr. Piggin also made a statement that the straw was rotten before it was put on the roof. What he means by this I do not know, as it would be pointless if a thatcher put rotten straw on a roof.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

R. C. LAMBETH

Rural Industries Organiser,
Cambs., Hunts., and
Isle of Ely Community Council

A Stage History of 'Richard II'

Sir,—In my thesis, *A Stage History of 'Richard II': 1800-1920*, I am trying to make a complete list of all performances (date, theatre, principal actors) of the play in the British Isles and America. I should also be grateful to your readers for information pertaining to any phase of the productions of 'Richard II' (acting, costuming, scenery, music, arrangement of text, photographs, drawings, programmes, personal recollections) that will help me to reconstruct these past performances. Prompt books and acting editions are especially valuable, but I have not so far found them for Macready (1812, 1851), Jones Finch (1876), Benson (1896-1917), Tree (1903-17), or the Old Vic (1916, 1919-20).—Yours, etc.,

RICHARD L. O'CONNELL

c/o The Shakespeare Institute,
Church Street,
Stratford on Avon

Portrait of Ibn Saud

(continued from page 207)

and a certain Miss O'Looney, who flitted about the conversation like some engaging friend of Mr. Flurry Knox's was in fact an Italian statesman. But he saw through Mussolini, and Hitler too, and condemned their policies and sympathised with their opponents.

His open sympathy for Great Britain when war came was not merely a matter of self-interest, though it was obviously Great Britain, and later the United States, who could assist him when the cessation of the pilgrimage cut off what was at that time his main source of revenue. The British in the Persian Gulf had been his first foreign friends, and fortunately they had been represented by two distinguished members of the Indian political service: Captain Shakespeare, who was killed in a Saudi-Rashidi battle when on a mission to Ibn Saud, and Sir Percy Cox, then the Resident in the Persian Gulf. When the news of Cox's death reached Riyadh, Ibn Saud was much distressed. They were alike in many respects, even physically. They were both tall, fine-looking men, and if Ibn Saud had lost an eye by some desert infection, a football accident had imparted a permanent crook to Cox's Wellingtonian nose. Both were quiet-spoken men, not profuse in assurances but sticking to what they said; and if each defended his cause tenaciously, neither thought the less of the other for that. From the beginning of the second world war Ibn Saud was outspoken on the side of the Allies. When the *Royal Oak* was sunk he said: 'I felt as though I had lost one of my sons'. His confidence in the eventual defeat of the Germans was not shared by some of his advisers, whose pessimism was increased by the sinking of H.M.S. *Hood*. Ibn Saud, however, advised them to wait a little, and when the *Bismarck* was sunk, he invited them to stand and clap for the British victory.

Skilled as he was in politics, Ibn Saud took no interest in the details of administration. This mattered little in the early days, when the state revenue was small; but when the income from oil alone reached £50,000,000, the state finances presented a serious problem, with an enormous royal family expecting preferential treatment, and a civil service created hastily out of elements collected from many different parts of the Moslem world. This is one of the problems that the new king has to face. Thanks to the foresight shown by Ibn Saud twenty years earlier, the succession was not disputed, as it often is in tribal Arabia; but that was only the first step. The form of government is likely to become the subject of debate. Ibn Saud listened to advice from many quarters, but he took his own decisions. His word was law, so great was the prestige he enjoyed by reason of his character, his experience, and his long and triumphant career. His successor inevitably lacks some of these advantages; besides, new ideas are filtering in from all directions. For instance, self-government has just been established in the Sudan, which less than a century ago was regarded by Arabia as little more than a reservoir of slaves.

Then there are labour problems. There was recently a strike of oil workers, who demanded the right to form trade unions, though it is true that the movement collapsed when the Saudi Government declared martial law. King Saud has not left the matter there, but has decreed that the men shall have time off for prayers, with their foremen to lead them. In a community where religion is a social framework as well as a creed this is not to be derided; but in the long run Hannah More is no substitute for collective bargaining, and Saudi Arabia may yet hear ironical references to 'pie in the sky'.

Then the Government has to think of the remote future too. Oil is a wasting asset, and during the fat years all possible productive schemes ought to be started against the day when even the immense oil reserves of Saudi Arabia will have run dry. In Iraq the Government is setting aside seventy per cent. of the oil revenue to be spent on irrigation, drainage, and the like; but in Saudi Arabia the problem is more difficult. Provision for the distant future will probably have to take the form, in the main, of the investment of huge sums as a reserve. Unless some such provision is made, what will be the state of Gibbon's wandering Arab, a century hence? As he drives his camels past a rusty derrick or the ruins of an oil town, he may feel that he is worse off than his ancestors before the great days of Ibn Saud, since he will have acquired new wants and will have only the old means to satisfy them.—*Third Programme*

The winter issue of *Question*, the organ of Present Question, contains articles by Professor C. A. Coulson, F.R.S., on 'The Longing for Truth', and by Dr. J. H. Oldham, C.B.E., on 'Personal Decision'. The main concern of *Present Question*, of which the Directors are Dr. J. H. Oldham and H. Westmann, is communication and the integration of specialised, scientific thought. Further information can be obtained from the Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

* * *

The Rev. John R. H. Moorman, Principal of Chichester Theological College, has written a sound text-book entitled *A History of the Church in England*, presented from the Anglican point of view (Black, 25s.). It begins in A.D. 208 and carries the story down almost to the present day. Each chapter has a useful bibliography and it should prove a valuable introduction to students of this subject.

London Art Galleries



Above, left: 'Two Moods', by Nigel Lambourne, from the exhibition of Contemporary English Drawings at the Zwemmer Gallery

Above: 'The Early Bird', by Jack Bent, from 'Pictures for Schools', an exhibition sponsored by the Society for Education through Art, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

Left: 'With the T.A.', by Gordon Snee, from the sixth annual exhibition 'Young Contemporaries', at the R.B.A. Galleries

The Novel and the Private Life

The first of four talks on 'The Teller and the Told' by OWEN HOLLOWAY

FOR good or ill, we are a literate community. Words have become the means by which we abstract ourselves from our immediate circumstances and live other lives as well as our own. That living another life in imagination is my definition of fiction, and the particular form of it that I want to discuss is the novel. I do not mean only particular novels and novelists, the personality of writers and the incidents of their stories, but the narrative art itself. It has been hard to claim the same respect for that as for lyrical poetry, because novels could never have the same esoteric air of being classic as a poem could. Some did, but I think they were for that very reason not in the tradition of the typical modern novel that we know. *Wuthering Heights* is out of this tradition; so is *Dangerous Acquaintances*, by Choderlos de Laclos. They are really as much outsiders as the medieval Japanese *Tale of Genji*, or the rococo Chinese *Dream of the Red Chamber* (the novel Mr. Arthur Waley has said he will not be hustled into translating). Again, the ever wonderful *Charterhouse of Parma* or *The Red and the Black* are the novels of one who was simply not a novelist: they have the transcendent perfection of the work of the amateur, almost as much as if they were the one book by their author, like the other four I have mentioned.

The Great Professionals

The great novelists, as I see them, are the great professionals, Balzac, Dickens, and Dostoevsky, for whom the novel was both a practical proposition and an art. They have this in common, that though there is art in all of them, no single book of theirs is all art, as a poem may be. It would be impossible to pick out any one novel from *The Human Comedy* and say 'This is Balzac's masterpiece', and pretty much the same is true of Dickens. When I said that their books were never all masterpiece I was really quoting what Dante wrote when he tried to define what the vernacular was, and I should like to repeat it, in Coleridge's rephrasing of Dante: the art of the novel exists, as they saw the vernacular existed, 'everywhere as the *menstruum* (the solvent), nowhere as the whole.'

To understand it, we must enquire what narrative is as a form of communication. In the novel, as in any use of language, no less than three factors may be involved: words, things they refer to, and the states of mind they are also used to reflect. A state of mind is a highly personal thing. Biographers, who go into what may have made a man write a book, are thinking so much of this purely personal element that they neglect the challenge the author himself felt in other writers, or what we as readers see to have been the challenge of other writing. What is important for literary criticism or literary history, as opposed to mere anecdotal biography, is the continuous tradition of literature.

Then (you will be saying), what of the things men write about? Four centuries ago, in painting, by and large the main thing was the details of the object presented. Then there came a revolution in art, and interest shifted to a wider context than the thing itself; things, as it were, plus the impression they might be supposed to make. The beholder and his point of view were considered in the picture itself. Particular points of view, oddly enough, come closer to reality than those which compromise on the question whether they are objective or subjective: in the real world, there is no such thing; only both, all the time. In short, many things come into any picture that are not in so many words in the object represented.

Words of the Novel

The art of the novel was a product of this baroque revolution. The words of the novel are not merely what they meant to the author in terms of his individual experience; they are also the account he was able to give in terms accessible to others. To adapt something William James once said, the novel, like any other communication, will have translated a universe of acquaintance with things into one of knowledge about them. There are always two aspects to any occurrence, you might say; what it may mean to the persons involved in it, and what

it may count as later on, as an item for the registrar of births and deaths. Likewise in language, all words are general terms before ever they are given particular application in any given use of them. Both aspects are necessary to society. If words spoke only of particular things, we could not communicate through them. As it is, one particular person's feelings meet those of another across the bridge of the words, which constitute the common universe of 'knowledge about'. However it was once in an illiterate, patriarchal state, we do not now live in a world of dumb 'acquaintance with' things. You could not seriously maintain that what is said is everything, and that how it is said is immaterial. In poetry, as Shelley pointed out, 'sounds as well as thoughts have relation both between each other and towards that which they represent'. What is true of the verbal medium is true for all the arts. The painter's colours are his own palette, not only the hues of nature. As Hazlitt said of painting, 'there is a continual creation out of nothing. You have to set down not what you knew already, but what you have just discovered'—thanks, that is, to the medium.

If you want an example from the novel, I should be inclined to take what we call 'character'. Character does not indicate anything that already existed to be put on record before the novelist noticed it. Even when he has it in his book, it still has to be reconstructed by the reader out of what the character is made to say and do. The very word 'story' is ambiguous. It is both events themselves ('hers was a strange story', we say) or it is her version of what had happened to her, just as 'history' means the past, as well as the historian's account of it. We shall never grasp what a novel is until we see it is bound to be not just absolutely some one thing, but two things at once. For example, it is incontestably the chronological summary you could make of the events in it, but it is also just as certainly the particular order in which they are conveyed to you: the narrator in the imaginary autobiography is both the character of then and the man of now, 'now' being the occasion on which the story is presented to you.

'The Point about Narrative'

As long as we discuss mere subject-matter, therefore, we get nowhere. A recent survey of Dickens criticism reported that more books had been written about him than about any other English novelist, but said that 'a distressingly large number of them were not worth reading. The amount of reputable criticism', it went on, 'is exceedingly small. In spite of Dickens's immense popularity, therefore, he remains in many ways strangely neglected'. The point about a narrative, surely, is that it is not in any way events themselves, as a play is, but a version of them. It was possibly the prestige of Scott and his exotic subject-matter that helped writers to forget this. Victor Hugo was stimulated to admire what he called 'dramatic romances'. The name itself shows the hybrid they were. 'Their imaginary action', he said, 'is unfolded as events are in real life, in a variety of pictures': he felt it would not be safe even to cut the story up by chapters, for fear of spoiling the illusion. I must say I think it was futile for narrative to court the limitations of the naturalistic drama. We cannot afford to require what one of Jane Austen's early reviewers welcomed in her, namely 'the perfect appearance of reality'. That could only be a picture, and a novel is not a picture—or even what Hugo called it, a variety of pictures—in that sense. It is 'seen' essentially bit by bit, and almost necessarily from successive points of view. The story the author is letting you into cannot be regarded as something that he is in absolute possession of, and that you are by just that much excluded from: you do not experience it with the limited horizon of the characters themselves. It is in form unlike the reality, and yet a better expression of it than reality itself could be.

Its great danger seems to me to be that it may relapse into the impression of immediate experience without anything in the prose itself to measure the emotions that events arouse. Dialogue, for example, should strictly fit into the narrative record, not primarily be 'natural'. I can never resist a shudder when I take up D. H. Lawrence: it is always so exactly what people would say in the circumstances. Lawrence

was a case of the man who has experiences, and just because he possesses the talent, cannot resist writing about them; but his great love was life and not literature. Jean Genet has obviously also had experiences, but (appearances to the contrary notwithstanding) it is certain that he is more in love with his art than with anything else. He is one of those geniuses who appear only once a century. But it is no good trying to follow him up, if what my bookseller tells me is true, that he is now banned here; so we must make do with what is available, and I will illustrate my point about dialogue from *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Unnatural Dialogue?

Here you have perhaps quite unnatural dialogue, but tolerable narrative writing. Take the passage about the flight of Dr. Manette and his party, at the end. At intervals, officials come and examine the coach they are in, but the exchange of words gives their side of the interrogation only: that is as it might be in a dream (and no doubt the travellers were dazed) or because out of meekness they had little to say. Anyway, it is what, from their point of view, they heard, and any reply they might have made is dismissed by the narrative as unimportant.

'Who goes there? Papers!' The papers are handed out, and read. 'Alexandre Manette: which is he?' This is he; this helpless old man. Here, a first personal answer is given, to all appearances, a third personal form: 'this helpless old man' is very much the narrator's addition, and not the doctor's companions answering for him, though it is, by sympathy, their and our feelings. Story and dialogue are complementary. What is recorded is the effect of a remark on the story, as much as any actual reply, and this is more like the reality, because we always hear what we think we are saying, not the remarks others hear us make.

This interplay of subjective and objective points of view can be observed in the equally old-fashioned technical device by which a character was said not to do a thing but 'to be seen' doing it. It is what Dickens is making fun of when he writes:

One winter's evening, a man in a gig might have been seen urging his tired horse. I say he might have been seen, and I have no doubt he would have been, if anybody but a blind man had happened to pass that way; but the weather was so bad that nothing was out.

Originally this was a way of putting the reader into the picture, which but for that might have been regarded as holding him at arm's length: what is reported is the form in which a thing might have been felt to happen. This is what you notice when a character's spoken or unspoken reflections are given you in indirect speech, but are at the same time made something like his own words by leaving out the introductory 'he said' or 'he thought' such and such a thing. The statement 'he was a Scot', when thus it implies—but only implies—that he himself is saying so, is more obtrusive than if we were either directly or indirectly in the narration given to understand as much.

The principle of sympathy, if you like to call it that, was a vital one in modern art. You remember how film narrative developed out of the original screen dramas. At first there was no question of giving the camera anything but a passive part in the proceedings. It was just stood up in front of what was to all intents and purposes a play, and its only business was to register what was going on on the stage. After a while, however, the studios were found to be doing something entirely different. As a film director has put the new principle, their aim was now 'to draw the audience right inside the situation, instead of leaving them to watch it from outside; concentrating their attention on those particular visual details which make them feel what the characters are feeling'.

Variant of the First-person Story

This does not mean you have to be literally inside any one character, let alone the same one all the time. That was tried, you may remember, in Robert Montgomery's 'Lady in the Lake'. It was a curious variant of the first-person story in words: the audience was invited by the supposed hero to 'see just what I saw' of the events he had been through—to change places with him, in fact, and make his, third, person their own first person. But all this was just a piece of equivocation. First, we were now supposed to see just what he, then, originally, had seen, but to forget the difference between now and then. Second, his camera-work, with the camera in place of his eyes, was to try to give us all that in real life goes with the consciousness of self. This consciousness, however, is not a passive, perceptual camera eye, a mere window on the world: it is a conceptual awareness of the self in its world, which is a different matter. If he is to be a real human being, a reader, or a spectator at the cinema, needs both to be told 'Thou

art the man!' and to be reminded that the story is only a story. If he merely lives the fiction, he is only doing what he does anyway in his own dream life, in a glorious confusion of truth and fantasy. If that were all a narrative was, it would not be much change for him. He must not be made merely to live a story, but to realise the two poles of life and art. In short, first person, or any person of human discourse, cannot be conveyed as such, but only by developing the multiple points of view of a whole language of person.

The first person is not necessarily that of the action and the dialogue, and the third personal statement that of the author: neither is absolutely first or third, inside or outside events. Put it, if you like, that it is the characteristic of the novel, as it never was systematically of earlier narrative or of drama, to make you see things as the self does in the world, as if bound up with them; for the self is no mere spectator. I believe there was a deep reason for this development in the novel. We live in mind in an epoch of competitive individualism, and this is not what the static, patriarchal order of society was. Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, contrasting the history of the species and the existence of the individual, showed how the criterion of consciousness in the modern sense is that it should be a consciousness of free will. Already Goethe had discerned this feature of the new society and of its characteristic literature, the novel. As he said, it had little truck with the austere and almost objective struggle with destiny there was in ancient tragedy. The novelist's was a world whose measure was the desires of his protagonists.

When Stendhal began to be appreciated towards the end of the last century, Bourget noted how extraordinary it was that his heroes should be at the same time men of action and men of thought. Was this not perhaps the new idea of western man, that Stendhal as a novelist had foreseen? It had been the characteristic of the novels of Richardson, which took the form of imaginary letters, that the letter-writers had to say of themselves what there was no narrator to say of them; they had to graft a third person on to their first. That, I believe, was a heritage that the novel has never lost. That is why as a form of literature it is so much more inward than the drama in general could be, and why therefore it permeates our private lives as the drama never did.

—Third Programme

Inside and Outside

All their intently worried faces lean
Away from where beyond the window live
The animal meadows stretched beneath the day
Whose kindness is not enough to give

Quiet or mercy to these travellers,
Since kind or otherwise is what they make
This or another day by their withdrawal,
Or suffering for the gifts they will not take.

What they're attentive to is not outside,
But their familiar and dusty world
Of cruelties in print that tug their eyes
Forever to the weight of what lies curled

Shocking and terrible as waking from a nightmare.
Clearly and casually as everyday
They see the murderer and their own ghosts
Mopping and mowing life itself away.

A tunnel shuts out everything but light
Creeping like smoke through dingy bowls; but they
Notice no change inside their reading room
Where words long since put down the natural day.

Then one looks up, and sees against the glass
A standing figure meet the day's return
By staring like a madman in a trance,
Where the vermilion eyes of poppies burn,

And a cornfield glares, with such intensity
The man inside is scared of what is out:
Nature will surely break the glass to bits
And the world come pawing its rough way in with a shout.

KENNETH GEE

The Listener's Book Chronicle

America, Britain and Russia. Their Co-operation and Conflict. 1941-46.

By William Hardy McNeill.

Oxford. 63s.

THIS VOLUME, BY THE Assistant Professor of History at the University of Chicago, is an important addition to the Surveys of International Affairs issued under the auspices of Chatham House. The period 1941-46 saw the formation, development and disintegration of the Grand Alliance, and therefore contains the seeds of our present discontents. The author has relied wholly on published material, which inevitably causes some distortion; for, whereas millions of words have spilt from British and American pens, explaining or explaining away the actions of the protagonists in the drama, the Soviet leaders have remained characteristically silent. Therefore, for the evaluation of Soviet intentions and motives, the author is driven to evidence largely second-hand and often circumstantial. Yet he has used his materials with such care that only a captious or biased critic would find much to challenge in his judgments.

It would be difficult on internal evidence to guess the nationality of the author. But his objectivity leads to neither dullness nor indecision. He is equally severe on Russian opportunism and western wishfulness (which often verged on rank dishonesty), and he freely exposes the inter-departmental, inter-service, and personal jealousies that hampered the western war effort. The British reader will be grateful for the tinge of sadness with which he describes how the remorseless growth of American and Russian power depressed the British Commonwealth into a position of *tertius inter pares*, with even a little doubt about the *pares*. Some of the most interesting pages contrast British and American attitudes and methods. We are left with the impression that the Americans, though apparently naive and visionary in their political outlook, were usually dominated in their thinking by hard military considerations, whereas the British, more realist in their political judgments, allowed political preoccupations to divert their attention to military projects (e.g., in the Balkans) which the Americans considered airy-fairy.

From the mass of facts which the author has marshalled with such skill and lucidity, it emerges that the Cold War existed from the very outset of the Grand Alliance. As long as the supreme aim was the defeat of the Axis, it lay unrecognised, muffled by wishful thinking, at any rate in the west. The result was a series of political agreements (Moscow, Teheran, Yalta, etc.) which proved meaningless or even self-contradictory, owing to different interpretations by east and west. An example is the understanding that the countries of eastern Europe should have governments both democratic and friendly to the Soviet Union, when it was clear that, in the majority of cases, one attribute excluded the other, and that western conceptions of democracy and friendship were quite different from those of Moscow. As soon as the Axis was defeated, and sometimes, as in the case of Poland, before, this veil of verbal formulae and make-shifts was torn aside, and the ugly truth revealed. The delicate, often unworkably delicate, compromises excogitated by Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin appeared on the agenda papers of men of a different stamp. 'It was surely a misfortune', remarks the author, 'that the effort of world pacification in 1945-46 should have been entrusted to men so firmly rooted in their respective national backyards as Byrnes, Bevin, and

Molotov'. Yet, on the author's own showing, it is doubtful whether any different trio would have done better.

Like the rest of the series, this volume is admirably produced. A bibliography would have been welcome in place of the three maps of the world at the end of the book, which, in spite of a note by Professor Toynbee himself, appear to serve little useful purpose. But this is trivial criticism of a valuable work, in which political, military and economic issues are handled with equal dexterity, and which is written in a manner always lucid, often entertaining, and sometimes of a moving quality that matches the tragic dignity of the subject.

The Diaries of Lewis Carroll

Edited by Roger Lancelyn Green.

2 vols. Cassell. 60s.

Lewis Carroll was a writer of rare originality and a photographer of the first rank, but as a don he was uninspiring and as a diarist totally uninspired. Fortunately his diaries have been painstakingly edited by Mr. R. L. Green, and it is to Mr. Green's notes that they owe most of their interest. The diaries, though not complete, are useful because they give details of Carroll's social and other activities, such as photography and theatre-going, and an abundance of clues towards the elucidation of his writings, beliefs, and character. Mr. Green has followed up the clues, but the diaries remain, for long stretches, dry, scanty, and scarcely readable. A patient and thorough reader may obtain from them a fuller understanding of Carroll and an impression that his originality (like that of Francis Kilvert, with whom he has points in common) somehow derived, or was at least inseparable, from his being so typical of his time.

Carroll's priggishness, his prudishness, his pious ejaculations, his donnish fussiness, his admiration of Bouguereau, his conscientiousness—all these were characteristically Victorian—and so was his obsession with the little girls he called his 'child friends'. An open obsession of that kind would at the present day soon bring a man before the nearest magistrate, but it was Carroll's inspiration. His aberration has been called innocent, but it remains an aberration. No aberration, no *Alice in Wonderland*. Witch-hunters are plainly offered that lesson by the diaries, which also contain a lesson for reviewers: when *Alice in Wonderland* appeared, the *Athenaeum* found it a 'stiff, over-wrought story'.

The few set-pieces of description, e.g., visits to Tennyson in 1857 and 1859, add nothing or next to nothing to their subject. There are bits of theatrical and photographic detail, and of literary criticism—a good note on *Wuthering Heights* in 1856, for instance, and a sharp one the year before on Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth*, 'an utterly objectionable publication'. There are glimpses of the domestic tyrant whom Mr. Michael Sadleir has called 'the most prolific malcontent'. But the obsession is dominant. Carroll was consciously engaged in a protracted struggle with what he called 'Mrs. Grundy', and it was not always a cold war. The man who walked out of a theatre when a comedian entered dressed as a woman, because he 'could not tolerate the idea of a man in petticoats', expected mothers (women of the world, some of them) to tolerate his extraordinary attentions to their young daughters, even to the extent of photographing them in the nude. So late as 1896 he was writing to a lady about 'the sweet relief of girl-society' and asking her whether her

young daughters were inevitable singly and whether they were 'kissable'. Without the abundance of that 'sweet relief' which is so plainly indicated in the diaries and which, in the present state of society, would hardly be obtainable, Carroll might have been little more than a fidgety, finicky don, with the sources of his imagination (so 'period' and yet so personal) dried up.

The Divine King in England

By Margaret Murray. Faber. 25s.

Dr. Margaret Murray is one of the most distinguished members of the small group of historians who have permanently transformed our knowledge of the past. Her careful analysis of the witch trials of western Europe and of the manuals of witch-finders, subsumed in *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*, argued most convincingly that the witches were adherents of a pre-Christian cult and neither perverted Christians nor innocent victims of clerical superstition, which had been the contentions of all previous historiographers. From the sources which she studied she was able to establish the major features of the witch cult, a calendrical fertility religion at the major feasts of which the divinity was impersonated by a masked priest, and in which the worshippers were ritually organised in covens, groups of thirteen. This reconstituted religion had a number of resemblances to the synthetic 'near eastern' religion described in *The Golden Bough* and similar anthropological anthologies.

In her subsequent study, *The God of The Witches*, Dr. Murray made a number of claims suggesting that the Witch or 'Dianic' cult was the religion of western Europe from Neolithic times onwards, with Christianity a relatively unsuccessful intruder, except for the monkish monopoly of chronicling. Anthropologically, this is an improbable hypothesis; such continuity over time and extension over space among cultures strongly contrasting in most other institutions is unparalleled. In this book she introduced further concepts from the Frazerian synthetic religion, notably that of the dying god, the priest-king who ruled for a set term of years, at the end of which he was ritually killed to make way for a successor. The head of the witch cult, she argued, was killed in this way, for the good of the people; and she identified William Rufus and Thomas à Becket, Joan of Arc, and Gilles de Rais as divine 'Dianic' victims.

In the present study she makes a much more stupendous claim; she maintains that the reigning kings of England, up to the revolution of 1648, were divine priest-kings, who were either ritually sacrificed themselves, or who were preserved by the willing sacrifice of Substitute Victims, individuals with royal blood or who had for a period before their death enjoyed almost royal power. Taking only her post-Conquest material, she lists as Royal Victims William Rufus, King John, Edward II, Richard II, and Henry VI; she claims to identify over thirty Substitute Victims, of whom the best known after Thomas à Becket are Prince Arthur of Brittany, Hubert de Burgh, Simon de Montfort, William Wallace, Piers Gaverston, Lord Scrope, Richard Duke of York, the Duke of Clarence, the Princes in the Tower, Perkin Warbeck, Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Robert Devereux Earl of Essex, and Robert Carr Earl of Somerset.

If this hypothesis has any foundation in fact, it must assume that there was in existence for

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more than seven centuries a conspiracy of silence about the most important events of the kingdom. Where divine kings do or did exist, the whole prosperity of all the people depends on the well-being of the Incarnation and the proper sacrifices being made at the proper times; unless they are publicly performed for publicly known reasons, they are meaningless. For the period of the Normans and Plantagenets, it may be argued that literacy was in the hands of the priesthood who suppressed non-Christian beliefs; but this does not hold for the later Tudors or the Stuarts. The role of the Christian clergy also becomes extremely anomalous; they are said to be completely hostile to the theory of the Divine King, yet provide some Substitute Victims and any number of accessories to the ritual condemnation of other Substitutes. They play the major role in the Sacring of the King; yet Dr Murray argues that the King is made ritually sacred by his contact with the Coronation Stones (which are almost certainly pre-Christian).

For the identification of Royal or Substitute Victims, Dr. Murray employs four criteria: the method of death, the treatment of the corpse, the month of death, and the year of death. Of these the most convincing, and much the most uncommon, is the transformation of the corpse into a miracle-working relic, where this happens there is at least a probability of widespread religious emotion. The ritual methods of death, according to Dr. Murray, are suffocation, or spilling of blood on the ground, or dismemberment; since few violent deaths do not involve one or other of these the method of death is scarcely conclusive. The ritual months for sacrifices in the Old Religion were February, May, August, or November; if deaths occur in these months, this is treated as a probable sign of sacrifice; but other things being equal, the chances are one in three that any death will occur in a sacrificial month. If the king himself be not sacrificed, a Substitute Victim should die either at the termination of every seven years of his reign (the Regnal victim), or after the king has lived any multiple of seven years and has passed the age of thirty-five, and particularly for the climacteric of forty-nine (the Personal victim). But unless the King ascend the throne when his age is an exact multiple of seven, the chances are again little more than one in three that any death will occur in a significant year. In the disturbed centuries with which Dr. Murray is particularly occupied, there were so many violent deaths of people near the Throne that it does not need much ingenuity to fit some of them into the calendrical pattern.

Besides the number seven, Dr. Murray finds great significance in the number thirteen or any multiple thereof and finds in any occurrence evidence of a coven or covens, from a judge and twelve jurors, through the numbers of men honoured at some coronations, to the numbers of the cathedrals in the Old Foundation and the monastic foundation! It seems to the present reviewer that Dr. Murray has tried to press her case much too hard, has used far too simple a Key to the Scriptures to unravel the tangled skein of six centuries of history. This is the greater pity since it may obscure the lasting value of her earlier works, and the suggestive reinterpretation of the roles of some generally reviled persons in the present study.

The Record Year 2. By Edward Sackville-West and Desmond Shawe-Taylor with Andrew Porter. Collins. 18s.

The new name Andrew Porter and that of William Mann coupled with those of the two by now far-famed enthusiasts who embarked on this amazing expedition two years ago, suggests that the labour of sifting good from bad, noting

deletions, weighing relative merits of a 78 and a 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ has become unbearable. Younger shoulders must take the strain. And one day perhaps West-Taylor will give place to Porter-Mann or some such combination of talents. This volume is the second supplement issued to bring the original *Record Guide* up to date. Short of producing a new *Guide*, as will have to be done one day, this is the best way to keep the confirmed collector of gramophone records in touch with the latest issues put on this crowded market by the eight companies publishing in the country. May that satisfy him. Better to rest content with what we have with us here than court complete dementia by extending the enquiry to other countries. The Preface bemoans the difficulty of obtaining discs from France; as if we had not enough on our plate as it is. (Since this volume appeared patience has been rewarded and some of those very Oiseau-Lyre records have been announced in a catalogue here.)

It is illuminating to realise that only two years ago long-playing records were listed in the original book in an appendix. Then the storm broke and within that short time long-playing records have ousted 78s so completely that the older type is fast becoming a collector's antique. This revolution in the mechanics of disc manufacture, comparable to the change from the silent to the talking film, was swift, and though the changeover is not complete the old method is already out of date. Few new issues employ it, though there is one notable exception, the huge undertaking called *The History of Music in Sound*, two volumes of which have appeared on 78s. These are included in *The Record Year 2* and give the authors opportunity to expatiate at length upon the grandeur of the scheme and the success of these first issues.

As in the previous volumes there is much more than a mere catalogue of discs and comparison of performances. The music itself is discussed intelligently and that gives value to the book beyond the cataloguing of technicalities of reproduction.

The Barotseland Journals of James Stevenson Hamilton 1898-1899.

Edited by J. P. R. Wallis. Central African Archives: Oppenheimer Series, No. 7. Chatto and Windus. 35s.

Colonel Stevenson Hamilton is justly famous as the architect and first warden of the great Kruger National Park, one of the earliest and largest game reserves in the world. This book is likely to earn for him, in some circles at least, a less enviable reputation. It reproduces the original version of the diary that he kept when, as a young officer of the Inniskilling Dragoons, he formed part of an expedition sent to map the boundaries of Barotseland. For much of the time he had no companions other than African guides and porters, whose language he could not speak and whose conduct often irritated him. He seems to have been interested mainly in hunting (his favourite reading was *Jorrockes*, and August 12 is hailed as 'St. Grouse!'), and his diary is devoted largely to accounts of his varying fortunes with the gun, although he usually shot merely to feed himself and his attendants. It also describes, simply but vividly, the many difficulties of travel in those pioneering days, and contains some useful information on the political condition of the local native inhabitants.

With a little judicious editing (and, it should be noted, the author himself also read the proofs), the book would have remained merely one of the several important early descriptions of Northern Rhodesia. What distinguishes it from almost all others of its kind are the many uninhibited references to the native peoples. When pleased with their conduct, as he sometimes was,

Colonel Stevenson Hamilton describes them as 'excellent fellows', 'a nice old chap', 'such good fellows', 'a dear kind little man', etc. But when they displeased him, which was more often, he readily swung to the other extreme: 'How sick I am of these cursed niggers and their ways!' (page 84); 'These Batoka are a set of idle insubordinate thieves, and I wish the Matabele had exterminated them while they were about it' (page 101); 'These niggers don't resent being snubbed a bit, but rather like you better for it, but I loathe snubbing anyone, even a nigger' (page 135); 'a rotten lot of cowards like all niggers' (page 139); 'contemptible and utter cowards of the worst order' (page 142), etc. And students of British colonial policy may be interested in views such as the following: 'It is very sad the way our countrymen spoil natives in a short time. The Portuguese have been 300 years or more in Africa and their natives are still perfectly simple and unspoiled and retain all their original respect for the white man' (page 53); 'After dinner Coryndon expatiating on the injustice of some of the magistrates down below, especially in taking a nigger's word before a white man's, which is largely responsible for spoiling the natives there' (page 93); and, 'Alas, it is always the case that Portuguese influence improves and English deteriorates the niggers' (page 233). One imagines that Colonel Stevenson Hamilton, contemplating conditions in Northern Rhodesia today, would probably reiterate, but with a different significance, another of his remarkable *obiter dicta*: 'White man proposes, African nigger disposes' (page 139).

Shaw and Society. Edited by C. E. M. Joad. Odhams Press. 16s.

The Fabian Society has sponsored this symposium and anthology of Bernard Shaw the political pamphleteer. It is a sad book; sad because it was compiled by a dying man, the late Cyril Joad; and sad because the youthful Shaw whose socialism it commemorates lived to become an irresponsible champion of Fascism and totalitarian communism, a sinister ally of rubber-truncheon politics abroad. The book consists partly of extracts from Shaw's early pamphlets and prefaces, and partly of essays about Shaw by other Fabians. Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, the senior contributor, recalls the 'startling apparition' of Shaw at small socialist meetings sixty years ago: a lean, red-bearded man of immense vitality and eloquence, already a food- and clothing-crank, equally remote from traditional socialist intellectuals and the English working-class, but bristling with confidence and bright suggestions for social betterment.

Shaw was a member of St. Pancras Vestry or Borough Council for nine years, but as a candidate for the L.C.C. in 1904 he was heavily defeated. His fellow Fabians were not sorry; Beatrice Webb had found him 'hopelessly intractable during the election'. Dr. Hugh Dalton, writing here on 'Shaw as Economist and Politician' shares her opinion. He seems to have found Shaw an indifferent economist as well as 'a very bad candidate'. Indeed of all the symposiasts, Dr. Dalton is much the least enthusiastic. But then, Shaw had no great zeal for Dr. Dalton. He could not even remember his name. 'Is it Hawkins?' he asked Mr. Kingsley Martin in 1946, when Dr. Dalton was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Shaw wanted to sell him two ideas, one sensible (about the municipalisation of property) and one ridiculous (about men and women being coupled to vote). Shaw's sensible ideas seldom numbered as many as one in two.

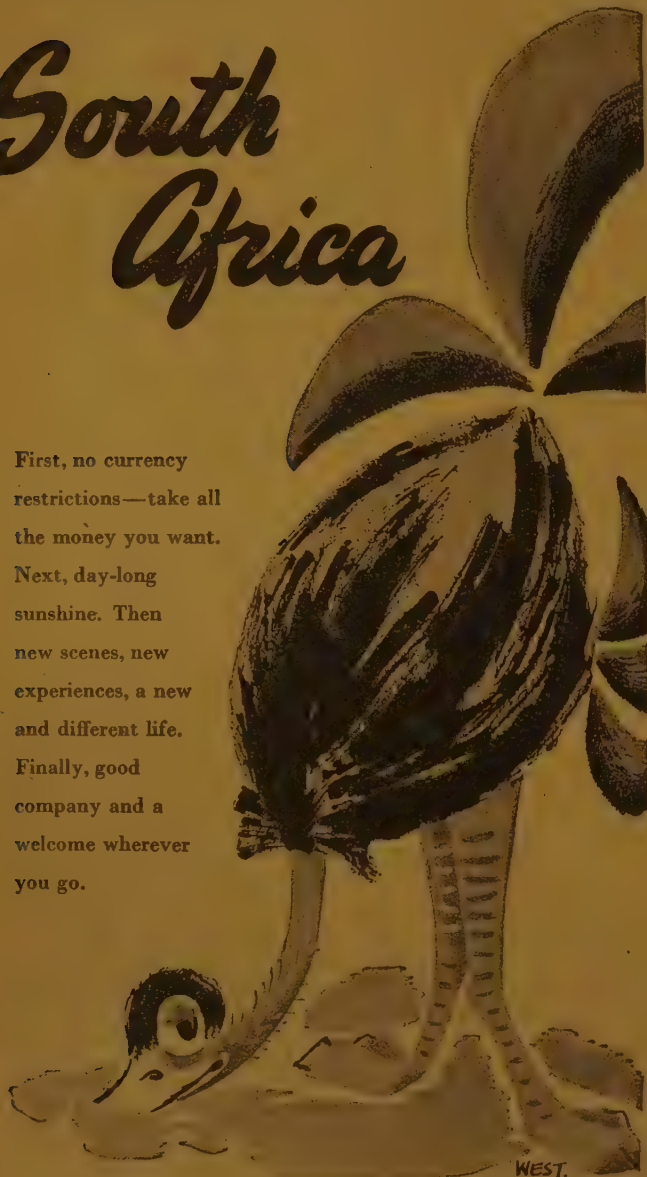
No historian could deny that Shaw's showmanship was once a considerable asset to English socialism, but his friends seem to put the greater emphasis on his negative achievements. His greatest positive achievement was, of course,

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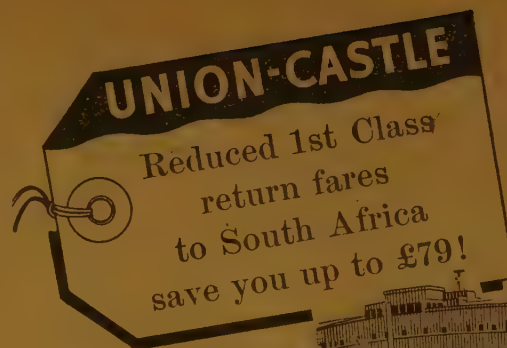
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artistic; he wrote the best prose of any English-speaking dramatist. Much more is said in the present book about his success in 'clearing away the cobwebs of Victorian morality', which was perhaps, after all, an equivocal service to mankind, and certainly one more effectively performed by the 1914 war.

Mr. Kingsley Martin, in the best essay in the book, recalls a conversation about Shaw with Dr. C. G. Jung. Mr. Martin told the psychologist about Shaw's 'disinterested approach, his

capacity for being personally above the battle, his general benevolence, and complete lack of rancour'. Jung was not impressed. He could tell that Shaw had never been in love, and he concluded that Shaw was not a sage superior to the rest of us, but 'a Peter Pan who had managed to evade real experience'.

Jung's judgment may well strike the reader of the present book as an exceedingly penetrating one. The editor's own essay on 'Shaw the Philosopher' reveals, albeit unintentionally, just how

juvenile a mind Shaw had. Being a man of prodigious energy, Shaw took up the Bergsonian gospel of the Life Force, and being a man of boundless vanity, he further embraced the Nietzschean gospel of the Superman. In his youth, he had little thought for any superman except Shakespeare and himself, but in the ripeness of his years his respect extended to other supermen. However, unlike many reformers, Shaw could write; and the pieces here reprinted are still a joy to read.

New Novels

Flaming Janet. By Pamela Hill. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

The General's Summerhouse. By Anthony Rhodes. Arthur Barker. 10s. 6d.

The Returning Waters. By Douglas Hewitt. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

The Prime of Life. By John Brophy. Collins. 12s. 6d.

IN three of the four novels reviewed this week there is an implied or outspoken condemnation of the sad state of the world and of the unfortunate circumstances in which the characters are placed. Miss Pamela Hill's fifteenth-century Scottish romance describes similarly deplorable conditions, with this difference—that the author does not lecture the reader about them, and conceals any disapproval that she herself may feel. Yet it is not only for this discretion—a trait not always desirable in a novelist—that her work might be preferred to that of the other three, but for a certain quality that shows her to have been compelled rather than drawn to choose this particular subject.

In *Flaming Janet*—an acute, rapid, richly decorated, harshly lit study of one of the mistresses of James IV—the technique and equipment of the writer form a vessel through which action, background, and characterisation stream into life. In fact, Miss Hill is a story-teller; she brings no message, points no moral, and makes no reflections on the horrors, adventures, and tragedies she describes. The personages are seen in their habits as they lived; the triumphs and defeats of Janet Kennedy, the fated and fatal King, Bell-the-Cat and Gordon of Lochinvar are told succinctly and without deprecation; those 'old border ghosts of fight or fairy, or love or teen' are conjured up with the force and surety of a novelist who has been shockingly treated by her publishers; for they have jacketed her book in such a way as to make it look like a sketch for a film poster and allowed her to sandwich a first-class piece of work between a dry, factual preface and a bibliography and glossary. *Flaming Janet* has no need of such fusty and ramshackle supports; Scott, it is true, used them, but more unobtrusively; his successors—Maurice Hewlett, R. H. Benson, Naomi Mitchison, Iris Morley—trusted, rightly, to their own skill and knowledge to carry the reader back into the past. In any case, accuracy is not the concern of the historical novelist. Thackeray in *Esmond* and Scott in *Peveril of the Peak* killed off the respective wives of the Dukes of Hamilton and Buckingham some twenty years before their time, for the sake of the narrative. Let Miss Hill look towards these masters rather than towards the purveyors of 'light' biography. When she says: 'Listen—I will tell you a story—' and begins to weave the spell, we ask 'What happened next?' not 'Is this true?' Such is the reward—and there is only one better, which is to make a great deal of money—of the writer completely subordinated to and obsessed by her theme. One cannot indeed take Janet Kennedy to one's heart: she is a man-eating tigress; but one cannot forget her.

Mr. Rhodes' elegant, easy delineation of the intrigues encircling rival candidates for the provostship of a Cambridge college has ingenuity

and grace; it would have made a very remarkable book if *Zuleika Dobson* and *Decline and Fall* had never been written; as it is, comparison with these is inevitable, and the result stresses the necessity of an ironic and tolerant detachment on the part of the writer, both in the composition and in the embroidery of such a novel. As soon as the reader is aware of a note of censure or of disapproval, pleasure dies. Throughout *The General's Summerhouse* one waits, uneasily, for the message, and in the last chapter it comes—a sad echo of everyday thought. 'There are a number of people', says the eccentric intellectual to the bewildered neophyte, '... unable to occupy themselves with anything constructive, whose only reason for existence appears to be to affect others who do not wish to affect them; above all, to control and organise the lives of others. ... They will force you to follow a code of behaviour which violently contradicts your own, which they will disguise with high-sounding names like Duty, Honour, Fellowship, or some such thing. ... It is hopeless to struggle against them. ... The world is run on power alone. ... There are no such things as ideals. ...' The reverberation of such glum slogans breaks down the wall between the reader and the world outside the novel, and the structure of the book crumbles away; the preachy, lachrymose tone is infectious, and our genial mood changes to one of fault-finding cross examination. Would an intelligent young man be impressed by that sort of talk? Does a butler announce a nobleman as 'the Earl of Paignton?' What exactly is an 'embryo Earl?' Is a don likely to apostrophise two undergraduates as 'poor flannelled fools?' No doubt there are satisfactory answers to all these questions: but the questions should not arise.

The Returning Waters resembles *The General's Summerhouse* only in the impression it gives of being 'a good idea for a novel' rather than an inescapable theme. The highly civilised director of a museum is suddenly faced, through the death of his wife in a motor accident, with violence, evil, and humiliation; the threads of an excellent plot are neatly gathered together and the story ends—again—with a moral judgment following on the revolution in the hero's attitude towards his work and the world. He sits down to set forth his conclusions ('Now for the recantation, the lecture to end all lectures'), realises that 'all he had to affirm was that *even in the shadow of the factory* people could have feelings of love and charity and pity' and opens his talk with: 'Civilisations do not begin with people painting pictures or writing books. They begin with men growing corn and catching fish and getting children'. Such bathos as this would be negligible, if Mr. Hewitt had defined his principal characters: the dead wife, above all. Unless we know what she was like, we cannot

become interested in the predicaments of those whose lives she influenced. The theme of *The Returning Waters* is Jamesian, the treatment sensitive, high-minded, and yet curiously uncertain, as if the author were constantly turning aside to examine his characters and situations under the spotlight of ideals that might have derived from Octave Feuillet or Mrs. Braddon. It was not thus that the Master brought the Misses Bordereau, Lambert Strether, and Isabel Archer into our literary experience; yet Mr. Hewitt's style and approach recall these names; for that, and an extremely clear and effective opening, his book holds the attention.

To emerge from *The Returning Waters* on to the crowded, Hogarthian scene of Mr. Brophy's *The Prime of Life* is to realise that practically everything is rather horrid. Here are journalists, spongers, Piccadilly mouth-wash, homosexuals ('What did pansies swear on in their most solemn moments? The collected works of Oscar Wilde?'), pretentious highbrows, oafish lowbrows, the centre court at Wimbledon, the House of Commons and the pleasure gardens (but no pleasure, within miles) of Battersea. Male youth tends to be cold and squeamish, many girls are just little packets of lust, big men are corrupt, little ones feeble—and as for the parties in the Maida Vale area—! In short, Mr. Brophy's censure has let slip the dogs of war on our times, not so much in the manner of Julius Caesar's spirit as in that of Mr. Bob Hope when, in 'The Road to Alaska', he cried 'Mush!' and with a ghastly look was dragged by a team of undisciplined huskies over the bleak wastes of a mythical North. Mush, indeed. ... Only Mr. Brophy's stubbornly realistic editor ('Here, tell this chap I'm sorry we don't want any articles on Gide') stands for something: decency and virility, perhaps; in the general welter of condemnation one is apt to get a little muddled. One dagger strikes home. 'Most reviewers of fiction', says a middle-aged novelist, 'wouldn't read a novel for pleasure, and they ought not to be allowed to do it for money. ... they don't like novels. ...' This is so true; and also, of course, sad. Like the grooms in 'Macbeth' (but after all, nobody cared a pin what happened to them) reviewers merely say their prayers and, each week, compose themselves again to sleep under another blanket of contemporary fiction, and not one has the initiative to ask whether his lack of gusto might have something to do with the way the novelists write. ...

It is just worth commenting on the fact that the censoriousness in this batch of books comes from the men, and that the objective presentation of decadence is the work of a woman: but to pursue this point would lead to the dulllest kind of generalisation.

HESTER W. CHAPMAN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Battle against Mediocrity

LAST FRIDAY NIGHT 'Joan Gilbert's Diary' was followed by 'London Town', which came embarrassingly near to duplicating her topics. She had interviewed Ann Davison, who sailed the Atlantic alone. Richard Dimpleby in 'London Town' interviewed Captain Irving, who served in *Cutty Sark* in the 'eighties. Joan Gilbert showed us tobacco being unloaded at the London docks. 'London Town' showed us furs being sorted just across the way or thereabouts.

It was a case of bumping without boring; and better that than both, I agree. The effect was disconcerting, none the less, as of frustration behind the scenes, with scowling foreheads bent fiercely low over departmental desks. Through the tides of talk at the crowded gathering after the television awards-of-the-year programme on Saturday night there flowed rumours that dissatisfaction in its various forms is endemic at Lime Grove. Untidiness of the kind inflicted on us the previous evening gives credence to them.

The 'London Town' edition was a good one in substance if not in treatment; the interleaved historical episode from the annals of St. Giles', Holborn, chiefly advertised the resource of the



Professor J. B. S. Haldane with his cat, in 'Science in the Making' on January 27



Fashions shown in 'Your Spring Hat' on January 27

wardrobe staff, not the wit of the producer. 'London Town' succeeds by the vitality and richness of its subject; certainly not by any other high virtue.

Increasingly I have the impression, diligently watching, that there is not enough good talent to supply television's present needs, still less those of the augmented service promised for later in the year. The losing battle against mediocrity is on in every branch of self-expression. On what basis of confidence the television policy-makers are framing their plays, as announced, I cannot discern. The films canonised mediocrity. It is beginning to look as if television will be guilty of the same error. Appear for six weeks on one of its panel game programmes and you qualify to be called bril-

wonderfully survived the televising processes. Intellectually, Bronowski and Haldane soared aloft in their genetics discussion. Technically, the International Swimming Gala at Marshall Street Baths, London, was first-rate viewing. Fine clear pictures came to us in the course of that transmission.

'Americans at Home' fitted into all the cate-

gories, except the last. It brought us into fairly intimate contact with a community which by legend misunderstands us English with infinite malice. We, too, have some stolidly indefensible notions about the Middle West, one of them that it enshrines ignorance and intolerance as national virtues. Aidan Crawley could easily persuade me, if that were necessary, of the injustice of any such assumption. His concern to find the truth and his care in stating it are manifest and impressive. Perhaps we did sample some of the ignorance: one of his subjects for interviewing was monosyllabically obstinate. We met, also, men of sense and reason whose outlook is broader than the horizon of their acres. This is a series which really does open a window on the world. The view is exhilarating.

I am the family face . . . leaping from place to place . . .', as Thomas Hardy wrote in a poem on heredity. The science programme, 'Like Father, Like Son', hitched our attention to the dogmatic principles in nature which are asserted infallibly if capriciously in terms of twins, white forelocks in some families, hare-lips in others; a fascinating topic. The programme was unshapely, bulging in the wrong places, and it fell to Dr. Bronowski to hold together the mass of comment, observation, and demonstration and to give it what unity he could. There was a time when I thought that Professor Haldane would be a leading popular science educator in print. I doubt if that standing awaits him in television. It exaggerates his cry-baby voice and his donnish manner. I thought his appearance in the programme was extremely interesting, even so. The subject demanded his presence and he responded generously with information and opinion. The thoughts of another poet would have been relevant, Gerard Manley Hopkins, giving thanks for dappled things: 'For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim . . .'. The producer, George Noordhof, sticks resolutely to his business, which is to give us the facts. No God-praising, no poetry, in 'Science in the Making'.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

'Sacrifice to the Wind'

'SACRIFICE TO THE WIND', by André Obey, which was done on Tuesday, was originally performed, like certain other modern plays, at the Comédie Française. There is a lovely story told by Jean Cocteau of how he took his play 'La Voix Humaine' to be registered there before its performance. 'Only one act?' exclaimed the aged, female secretary. 'Yes', he said. 'Still', she retorted consolingly, 'it's a foothold, isn't it?'



As seen by viewers: two shots from 'Nostell Priory, Wakefield', on January 28: a Chippendale desk, and (right) an 'Empire' bed by Adam

Photographs: John Curre

it?' On the less august but slippery slope of television M. Obey has now also gained a foothold, greatly aided by Mr. John Whiting's firm, spiked rendering of his one act. One could see from one's armchair how finely the piece must have suited the *salle* of the great uncomfortable theatre for which it was written, for it is a play in which the echoes are strong and deliberate. 'Is it', says the Queen whose daughter is to die, 'is it impossible to live without choosing? Can't we pass the few short years of life without daily running foul of the implacable war between love and duty?' What happens to such traditional sentiments epitomising so many French plays when they are led up to not by Racine or de Musset but by a documentary film about Australia called 'Alice Through the Centre'?

Their tone seemed strange, alien, above all literary, but the core of the drama, the death of Iphigenia, was moving; the momentous discussion beforehand most tensely real. And this was the more remarkable since from the pictorial, from the viewing aspect everything was so bare and static. Never, as far as I know, has Mr. Rudolph Cartier handled the pictures with so much visual restraint. There was no attempt even to make the ghost seem phantasmal. Only when at the end the wind blows and the Greek ships can go on to Troy for 'D-Day' was there an apt trick shot of sails insidiously unfolding; this apart, the rest was a handful of characters talking, arguing, drinking, lying down. Yet the absurd, the preposterous situation was perfectly established and even those of my colleagues who have complained of the 'death-wish' in the play do not seem to have been unconvinced by it. What, I think, persuades one most insistently is M. Obey's revival of an invisible villain—the Ancient who relentlessly demands the sacrifice. Not merely is his power over the others felt from the start; his character actually develops most excitingly in their conversations until the final touch when he kills Iphigenia just after the wind has begun to blow.

Most modern French 'mythological' playwrights have held off Iphigenia. The legend is a difficult one. Traditionally, Agamemnon is presented as a waverer, tricked or forced into the murder, but here in M. Obey's study he (as afterwards Clytemnestra and then Iphigenia herself) is imperturbable, rock-like in his certainty of its necessity, unmoved by the pleading of Menelaus shown as ultimately responsible for the war and of Ulysses who is romantically attached to Iphigenia. This neat lay-out of the characters was beautifully emphasised by the casting—Andrew Cruickshank, Margaretta Scott, and Clare Austin with their up-lifted chins did belong unmistakably to the same haughty, literary royal family. Mr. Cruickshank was indeed massively imposing, revealing physically, as well as in his tone, the broad shoulders needed to bear his terrible decision. Douglas Wilmer and John Justin as the two horrified subsidiary kings battled with him humanely but in vain, ineffectual against the will of 'the head of the Hellenic empire'. A phrase like this, incidentally, like so many other concrete ones, keeps the play proof against any suspicion in its texture of atmospheric thinness of Ruritania.

But, not content with re-creating so well the old French dilemma between



'Sacrifice to the Wind' on January 26, with (left to right) Andrew Cruickshank as Agamemnon, Douglas Wilmer as Menelaus, and Margaretta Scott as Clytemnestra

love and duty, M. Obey aims to go further and leave a positive 'message'. He introduces the sententious ghost of a young soldier who tries to get across to Agamemnon the paradoxical idea that 'the man who killed me is my dearest friend'. Tony Britton with a yokel voice was earnest in this melancholy role and touching when he approached Iphigenia to whom alone he was visible. But, far from pointing a wise, wry moral, his frequent intrusions only served to hold up the development of the action. Thus, M. Obey does not succeed here in adding something to the legend, but with great dignity he does most cleverly recall and refurbish it.

Also now returned from the dead, I am happy to say, is the missing test pilot Martin Teckman. In the last instalment on Saturday the grand slam bid by Francis Durbidge at the beginning was just, yes just, made. Foxed to a degree last week, I even confused the names of the players. Helen Teckman has, of course, been performed each time by Pamela Alan. When I innocently called her 'astute', little did I know



'Pas de Quatre': the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, with Alicia Markova as guest artist, on January 31

that she was going to turn out to be the potential murderess of eight or nine people! Her transformation scene when the scales fell at last from our (and Patrick Barr's) eyes was chilling even during Saturday's inherent cold. Maureen Pryor has meltingly emerged now—helped by several close-ups of clasped hands—as the forgiving wife. And the 'Teckman Biography' has been completed and, presumably, sent to the printer. Well, that's that! And now it is done one realises how it has grown on one. Alas, no more of the quiet Major (Anthony Nicholls) or the suave publisher (Peter Coke) or the others in Mr. Alvin Rakoff's crafty team of character actors.

For the rest, it has been a week of too many celebrations: we roystered by proxy on Burns night on Monday with the Saltire Singers in that ribald cantata 'The Jolly Beggars', imagining the scarlet of the 'auld red rags'. The gap-toothed doxies were though, I thought, rather stagy and un-dab for a bunch 'o' randie gangrel bodies', but still the words and music are the thing, and they came splendidly through the tube. In the O.B. programme of *Daily Mail* awards 'Anastasia' was the best play, Irene Worth the actress, 'What's My Line' has pulled off the hat-trick as the most entertaining programme, and it was a happy coincidence after his triumph last week that Peter Cushing should have won the trophy as the outstanding actor.

ANTHONY CURTIS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Words and Music

'We need no lanterns', said a young poet, Pierre de Boscotel de Chastelard, to the Seigneur de Brantôme, on the deck of the galley that took Mary, Queen of Scots, back to her land. 'The eyes of this Queen suffice to light up the whole sea with their lovely fire'. It was the same Mary of 'the sword-bright eyes', as Swinburne would call them three centuries on, that brought Chastelard to his death by the axe at the Mercat Cross at St. Andrews. His crime was a passionate foolhardiness. Infatuation for the Queen caused him to hide in her bedchamber at Holyrood. Discovery followed, and then death, after events that, like most things in the record of Mary of Scotland, have long been the historians' prey. Chastelard, grand-son of the Chevalier Bayard, seems, as Sir Edmund Gosse said, to have been without fear but not without reproach. His tale moved the young Algon Charles Swinburne to the first of a trilogy of verse dramas on the Queen who had fired another young poet's heart 'with love and wonder'. This drama was the 'Chastelard' we found on Sunday (Third): as surprising a restoration as if a dodo had walked boldly into the main hall of Broadcasting House.

That, though strange, would also be exciting. I will not pretend that it was not an excitement to hear the luxuriant, sensuous play: one shelved for so long with those other unactable closet-pieces by poets who were not naturally theatre-men. 'Chastelard' would seem odd in the theatre. On the air it could break over us in a romantic surge, wave upon

sounding wave: it was at least half-way through before I realised that one sensuous wave sounded much like another, and that there was no reason why Swinburne should not foam on like this for hours. Now and then a phrase would hold the ear for a second: 'The wind is like a blade aslant', or 'You weep and whisper with sloped necks and heads, like two sick birds'. What one missed was any feeling of something newly seen, something trapped in words for the first time, that so astonished listeners to the Dylan Thomas feature.

The young Swinburne had brooded over 'Chastelard' for a long time: he did not kill it with much cherishing, but it remains primarily a play to be read. Radio is its only other hope, though on the air, even in its sympathetic version (Helena Wood's) and production (Norman Wright's), the cast could not avoid monotony. Rachel Gurney and Alan Badel found it hard sometimes to bring up the figures of the fair and fatal Queen who doomed her lovers, and the young Frenchman who called her a 'Venus made of deadly foam' (this version wisely omitted the Swinburnian rapture about 'Paphian breath that bites the lips with heat'). Still, both knew how to speak the lines. I seemed to watch the players clinging passionately to their surfboards as billow after smooth billow rolled majestically towards a marbled shore. John Westbrook dealt persuasively with the vain Darnley, whose scene with Mary, before Chastelard's fate, is the most theatrical in the play.

Laura Common's 'A Present. For Jenny' (Light) was an unexpected gift for listeners to 'Radio Theatre.' When a 'bus crashed on a blizzard-bound road in remoter Maine, we prepared automatically for a crackle of melodrama. Nothing of the sort. The driver was an agnostic; one of his passengers was a convent-bred girl. The play became a discussion on faith. Its appealing picture of the questioning adolescent was developed in later scenes, out of the storm and back in the convent's orthodoxy, where sceptics were just 'do-nothings with dishevelled minds'. Hardly a play but certainly a portrait, and one sketched in faultlessly by Monica Grey in Val Gielgud's production.

We returned to the music of the word in the latest section of 'Poema de Mio Cid' (Third). This has a formal grandeur, as in the constant repetition of 'the two princelings of Carrion' (a name which in Spanish has a ring quite lost in the English word). These young men are unpleasant types: their treatment of Doña Sol and Doña Elvira in the oakwood is a bit of unrelenting savagery. But the speaking throughout, by such voices as those of James McKechnie, Oliver Burt, and Godfrey Kenton, is grandly sonorous. I liked the understatement when, just before a shattering burst of invective, the narrator observed: 'What the Moor said to the princelings gave them no pleasure'. An introductory talk (by Edward Crankshaw) was more telling than the feature it introduced, 'The Terror Machine' (Home), about a regime that might have pleased the princelings. Finally, in 'Take It From Here' (Home), which see-saws like a graph in a high fever, some not very kind words on 'a little-known seaside resort in France' must have made Francophiles blench. Amusing; but I fear that some reactions to a later report on a search for the Sacred Scarab of Salome could be described only in a phrase of Swinburne about 'knowing sorrow and sleep'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

'Under Milk Wood'

THE MOST EXCITING ANNOUNCEMENT in last week's *Radio Times* was the first broadcast of a work specially written for radio by Dylan

Thomas. 'Under Milk Wood', the announcement showed, would employ two narrators and twenty-six characters and would fill an hour and a half. I looked forward to hearing it with great curiosity and, I must confess, some timidity. Of course I already knew that Dylan Thomas' poetry made grand listening, especially when read by himself; but for me, who am of an older generation, the enjoyment of a first hearing usually lay in the sound and rhythm rather than in the sense. Indeed, I remember listening with great pleasure to his reading of some of his poems a year or two ago on an occasion when reception was so bad that if he had been reading in Turkish I would have been little the less wise, and yet, although shorn of sense, his intonations and rhythms were a constant delight.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that in his earlier work he expressed himself so idiosyncratically that, unless provided with a set of clues, many readers and listeners were hard put to it to discover a meaning. But in his later poems he became less hermetic. His wild verbal fancies still take us wool-gathering and wild-goose-chasing, but they land us in a world more vivid and alive than the physical world we know, and if he still, when we stop to think, bewilders the understanding, he solves the riddle by convincing the imagination. But what would happen to me when I switched on this latest work, and a full ninety minutes of it? It was probable, I thought, indeed all but certain, that a first hearing would leave me exhausted and tantalised, even though with a keen desire to hear it again.

But this expectation was surprisingly defeated. It is true that having heard 'Under Milk Wood' once I look forward eagerly to hearing it more than once again, but this is because at the first hearing I was spellbound from start to finish. Yet the piece has no plot and tells no story. With the help of the two voices we are empowered, like the fiend Asmodeus, to raise the roofs of a small Welsh village, observe the private lives and hear the secret thoughts of its various inhabitants—the whole twenty-six of them. Such a multiplicity of scraps, not for the most part interrelated, could hardly fail, one would have thought, to tire and confuse the most determined listener, however skilfully they were presented; but no determination, no effort was needed. One was listening not to a series of miniature character-sketches but to the gradually unfolding impression of a living community.

It was the poetry that held the piece together—the wonderful opening impression of the darkness before a spring dawn and the return to darkness at the close of the day and the poem; the great range of mood which explored every key, from Rabelaisian humour to profound pathos, and, throughout, the dazzling command of language which kept the listener in a state of delighted surprise. Here, it seems to me, Thomas' adjectives and metaphors and similes, which in earlier days were prompted by associations so personal to himself that their significance was not always communicated to others, have come out into the open, become available to the public imagination without sacrificing anything of their new-minted brilliance.

The piece was produced by Douglas Cleverdon and the large cast was—I judge by their names—entirely Welsh. Both production and performance were nothing short of perfect. The speaking of poetry comes naturally to the Welsh and nothing could have been more naturally beautiful or beautifully natural than the speech and characterisation of each part. In this poem it seems that Dylan Thomas was entering on a magnificent development of his powers.

'Poetry is indispensable', said Jean Cocteau in French in a talk recorded by the B.B.C. in Paris, 'but indispensable to what?' In the fifteen minutes at his disposal he did not attempt to answer this immense question, in fact he asked

it and left it at the end of a brilliant talk full of stimulating ideas. His theme was himself and his experiences as a famous writer and poet, and its subtitle was 'the cat that walks by itself'. The poet's duty, he said, is to follow his impulses and refuse lifts in other people's motor-cars to the destinations which they and the critics seek to impose upon him. This without doubt was the rule obeyed throughout his lamentably brief life by Dylan Thomas.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Point d'orgue baroque

THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCH which took place on Saturday evening between the Cornhill Bumpers, captained by 'Diapason' Darke, and the Sprudelquiekende team from Steinkirchen led by 'Baroque' Jones, proved to be, in the view of this umpire, something of a walk-over for the visiting team. In the first five minutes Jack 'Heather' Westrup made a splendid dash through the Bumpers' defence and touched down between the posts; and the try was promptly converted by his captain. The home team seemed decidedly slow on their pedals and were quite outmatched in lightness of movement.

Something seems to have gone wrong in the last paragraph. There must have been a leak from the simultaneous programme on the 'Home' into the 'Third'. However, it sufficiently indicates my view that on a good contemporary organ early eighteenth-century music sounds better than it does on one of the modern giants which blur the outlines of the polyphony and sacrifice clarity to a booming sonority. It is not sound argument to dismiss the organs of Bach's and Handel's day as bad, because some of them are squawky and uncertain speakers. The Steinkirchen organ, on which Geraint Jones has played for recordings, is a beautifully voiced instrument, and he (I think it was) scored a palpable hit in riposte to the charge that it sounds 'quaint' by pointing out that not long ago the harpsichord—and, he might have added, viols, recorders, lutes, and all other 'kinds of music' from the past—was likewise thought to be a quaint rather than a serious instrument. In fact, Dr. Darke made a stronger case for his own instrument at St. Michael's with his hands and feet than he did with his tongue. Softer and less definite in outline, his performance still sounded luminous and beautiful in tone quality, without the roaring smudginess of which the English organ-player stood accused.

There is one point in this controversy which has been overlooked. Why call the organs of the middle eighteenth century 'baroque'? The baroque style, though it continued in favour into the eighteenth century, produced its finest manifestations more than 100 years earlier, and I can see not the slightest justification for applying the term, even in a metaphorical sense, to the organs of Bach's time, even if their cases may show the influence of baroque art.

The adjective does not even fit the music of the generation before Bach, exemplified by Torelli and Alessandro Scarlatti. Torelli is a new name lately brought into prominence. Is there no end to it? We had just got comfortably accustomed to Corelli and, celebrating his tercentenary, had learned to lisp 'father of the concerto', and now Denis Stevens comes along, changes the initial, and produces twelve concertos published three years before Corelli's, but with dark warnings that even Torelli cannot be accepted as the inventor of the form. Precedence apart, the music, as played by the Goldsbrough Orchestra with Louis Kaufman as both conductor and soloist, sounded very agreeable, if not of outstanding quality, and it did not

greatly matter that at one point the soloist outran the orchestra. Some of the passage-work for the violin in the last movement of the E minor concerto showed a highly developed technique of violin-playing which seemed surprising at so early a date. The oratorio by Scarlatti on the subject of St. Ursula and the 11,000 Virgins sounded like early Handel, which is not so surprising.

For opera during the week we had an even more comic presentation of Helen's story than that lately discussed by my dramatic colleague. 'La Belle Hélène' signalled the welcome arrival of *opéra bouffe* to join *opéra buffa* and *opérette*

in the Third Programme. Some of Offenbach's tunes, heard without the accompaniment of high-kicking legs amid a foam of petticoats, for which they were designed as a mere background, are tiresome to listen to with their repeated 'tra-la-las'. But most of it is delightful, and the burlesque operatic scenes have lost none of their point and wit. The performance was as brilliant as one could imagine and made one long to take the first aeroplane to Paris, if that is the fare to be sampled there.

I would certainly go a long way not to hear again the dreary monologue of a sluttish woman who nags her worthless husband to suicide,

called 'Dark Sonnet'. Distaste must not, however, lead me to slight the remarkably sustained tension of Noreen Berry's performance which reminded me of Patricia Neway's *tour de force* in 'The Consul'—a work which this one-act piece by Erik Chisholm somewhat resembled in its efficient presentation of the drab and unpleasant. There are plenty of grisly effects in the score, but precious little music as the term is generally understood. Whether Miss Berry always sang the notes set down for her is anybody's guess. She sounded out of tune at times—and no wonder!

DYNELEY HUSSEY

A Young British Symphonist

By SCOTT GODDARD

Malcolm Arnold's Second Symphony will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Tuesday, February 9 (Third), and the finale from it at 7.30 p.m. the previous evening (Home)

MUCH interest was evinced when it became known that Malcolm Arnold had been commissioned by the Covent Garden authorities to provide music for a Coronation Ballet. Such interest was understandable and could easily be accounted for; the occasion was of undoubted importance in the annals of British music while the particular musician engaged for the venture was less of a public figure than others of his generation.

There were those who, on receiving the news, asked each other how far the authorities might prove justified in their selection. The field of choice was wide and there were many distinguished possibilities. 'Young, untried, unknown' were among the epithets bandied about by the bewildered, the anxious, and the suspicious. That was mostly beside the point and wide of the mark. Judged by twentieth-century measurements, Malcolm Arnold was no longer young, being by then thirty-two. Nor was he untried, having already eleven years of regular and prolific production to show for himself, with a fair number of works that had received public performance. Nor, therefore, could it be suggested that he was unknown.

In the event it was proved that night at Covent Garden that he could do the job demanded of him; that is to say, produce music of reputable quality and deliver it, as is the duty of a composer of occasional music, to time. What was required was festal music that would come to the fore (rarely) and retire into the background as desired by the composer's two imposing partners, the designer of scenery and costumes and the choreographer. To have attempted to compete with the former would have been a waste of effort: on such an occasion the glitter of the stage would always be supreme. And so it turned out; the stage spectacle came first, the choreography next, and by the end one was left with an impression of acceptable music and no more. Months afterwards, reading the score, one saw how ably the composer had gone to work and with what efficiency he had done his task. It was good craftsmanship and it fulfilled its purpose with complete efficiency. The opening fanfares and the martial tune following them adequately set the tone for 'Homage to the Queen' that night, and when both fanfares and tune came in again at the end one did at least feel memory stir for that brief moment. What came between, the four tableaux depicting Earth, Water, Fire, and Air, were primarily the business of others.

Malcolm Arnold was born in 1921. At sixteen he went to the Royal College of Music on a scholarship; his studies were composition and conducting, piano and trumpet. That last fact is

significant because his first career was as a trumpet player in the London Philharmonic Orchestra (1940). This move was decisive in its effect upon his creative work. By placing him as a working musician in the midst of an orchestra it acquainted him as no amount of book learning could have done with the quality and personality of all instruments, not his own merely, and the feel and manipulation of orchestral ensembles. Election to a Mendelssohn Scholarship gave him a year in Italy. He was ready by then for the writing of 'Homage to the Queen' and for other works, no less effective and probably more lasting. It is to those that one turns for more precise information.

In the eleven years from 1942 (when the official 'List of Works' begins) Malcolm Arnold has produced two symphonies for full orchestra and one for strings, four concertos (horn, clarinet, oboe, pianoforte duet, the last two with strings); four overtures, and more. There is the one-act opera 'The Dancing Master'. Among the many chamber-music works are two violin sonatas and one viola sonata.

Listening recently to the Concerto for oboe and string orchestra (1952), one was impressed afresh with the bright inventiveness of Arnold's mind. The ideas tumble over each other; there seems no end to them nor much time for the one to express itself before another treads on its heels and shoves it out of the way. It is mainly episodic music, to be accepted and enjoyed as such. It depends for its power to hold attention upon the listener's willingness to forgo the pleasures of following the development of a composer's thought in favour of the amusement to be had from catching up with his ideas as they flash across the line of vision. There is no slow movement here to deepen attention.

It is precisely that immediately affecting brightness in the invention of fresh ideas that gives the sparkling concert overture 'Beckus the Dandipratt' its character as a piece of admirable pantomime. It is a relatively early work (1943), the composer's first big success with the public and still, it is said, his most frequently performed work. It shows his easy grasp of orchestral technique; and that, combined with the high spirits and general air of heedless well-being in the music, brings to mind Rawsthorne's 'Street Corner' Overture, a work of similar nervous vitality though more stylish and individual in expression.

It is in his symphonies that Malcolm Arnold shows his most mature thought, in the Second Symphony, Op. 40 (1953), especially. Here there is evidence of the desire for, and pursuit of, something more than bright ideas. Arnold's most considerable work, as far as our present knowledge takes us, it repays study and more than a

single hearing. The four movements are clear, straightforward, and, as appears to be the rule with this composer, free from introspectiveness. The opening *allegretto*, short and pithy, begins with a tune that might be a younger cousin of the martial tune in the ballet or perhaps a cultured companion of Beckus; in any case one of the same brood. The second movement carries that tune shoulder high (flutes, oboes, and clarinets *fortissimo*) in and out of a rapid scherzo, full of bright touches in the scoring. The slow movement ignores what has already been displayed, goes its own way and takes in fresh material. Manifestly it is not meant to give the impression of a profoundly moving *lento*. Eupeptic vivacity tends, with increasing impatience, to disturb the smooth motion of the chief melody (bassoon, then oboe to begin with). But at the end the melody returns in an eloquent, restrained coda; then it is that one realises in full what was implicit in the opening phrases of the movement. The final *allegro con brio* refers back to certain of these matters and completes the design of the Symphony as an organic entity having its end in its beginning.

Malcolm Arnold is a true representative type of his generation, a creative musician for whom many distinguished counterparts could be found in history, men having a similar capability and as rich a talent. Where he differs from them is in belonging to a radio age.

It was said in the opening paragraphs of this essay that he could hardly be considered an unknown quantity in contemporary music in this country, since his music is in the repertoire and has been there for some time already. Considering his situation *vis-à-vis* the public, one realises how radio has increased our opportunities of getting acquainted with what is newly produced in our midst and one sees also how enormously radio has increased the opportunities of creative musicians to get their works to the public.

Half a century ago a man of thirty-two was unable to command such wide publicity, or indeed any. Elgar in his thirty-second year was noted by one of his biographers as a man with 'much music composed, none of which attracts attention' that year. Two years later Elgar is 'unable to obtain a hearing' and in another two years we find him still up against it though 'determined not to give in'. He was then thirty-five. Such a state of affairs was not confined to England. Debussy at thirty-two watches over the first performance of 'L'Après-midi d'un faune' which passes 'almost unnoticed' by concert audiences in its native Paris. Ill though complacency may sit upon us, at least we may say that the lot of present-day composers is less discouraging.

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The Lecture on Feb. 17 will deal particularly with the recently discovered picture at Arlington Court

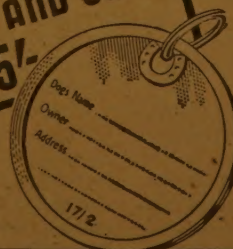
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By PHYLLIS CRADOCK

SEVILLE ORANGE JELLY

SEVILLE ORANGE JELLY is delicious for spreading on breakfast toast, scones, crispbreads, and waffles; for icing criss-crossed lines on to the top of orange *gateaux* which have been first iced with *glacé* or butter icing; for lining little tartlet cases which are then topped with meringue, macaroon mixture, or almond-flavoured sponge; and for serving with wild duck, goose, or pigeon. When you use jelly as a cake piping work with a linen icing bag and plain writing pipe. The warmth of the human hand combined with finger pressure on the linen bag softens the jelly so that it oozes smoothly and continuously through the fine round hole in the writing pipe.

To make the jelly you will need:

- 4 lb. of Seville oranges
- 2 sweet oranges
- 2 lemons

Wipe the fruit first with a clean, damp cloth. Place the pulp of the peeled Seville oranges—with all pips removed—in a small preserving pan. Add the thinly peeled rind and the strained juice of both the sweet oranges and the lemons. Cover with 1 pint of cold water, bring to the boil and simmer until the mixture thickens slightly. Strain it, measure it carefully and add 1 lb. of

heated sugar to every pint. Dissolve the sugar carefully before the mixture boils, boil it up, adjust heat till it simmers and continue simmering for 25 minutes or until a drop jells on a clean, cold saucer. Pour into heated jars and tie down when cold.

BAKED GRAPEFRUIT

Halve your grapefruit in the ordinary way, overnight. Remove centre pith, all pips, and scoop each flesh section free of its clinging coat of skin, using one of those curved, saw-toothed cutters specially designed to do the job with ease. Drain the prepared halves upside down in a dish for one hour. Then set them right side uppermost on a baking tin and pour the drained-away juice into a little bowl. Stir in one heaped teaspoon of brown sugar to every half grapefruit, pour the syrup back into the grapefruit cups and leave until the morning. Then sprinkle each one with powdered cinnamon, grated nutmeg, and a final dusting of brown sugar, add a few flakes of margarine—or butter—and bake for fifteen minutes at pre-heated thermostat 375 or gas mark 5.

When you are having a party, hold back a little of the grapefruit juice and replace it with

sherry or Madeira. This makes a delicious hot *hors d'oeuvre*.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

- RT. HON. LORD KILLEARN, G.C.M.G. (page 204): British Ambassador to Egypt and High Commissioner for the Sudan, 1936-1946; High Commissioner for Egypt, 1934-1936
- D. M. LANG (page 205): Lecturer in Georgian, School of Oriental and African Studies, London University
- SIR READER BULLARD, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E. (page 206): spent more than twenty-five years in the Foreign Service in the Middle East
- JEAN COCTEAU (page 211): playwright, poet, novelist, and painter; author of 'Orphée', 'Oedipe-Roi', 'L'Aigle à Deux Têtes', etc.
- ANTHONY QUINTON (page 212): Lecturer in Philosophy, Oxford University
- ALEXANDER MACBEATH, C.B.E. (page 217): Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, The Queen's University, Belfast, since 1925
- MAUDE ROYDEN, C.H., D.D. (page 219): Assistant Preacher at the City Temple, 1917-20; joint founder of Fellowship Services at Kensington
- OWEN HOLLOWAY (page 227): on the staff of the British Museum; formerly lecturer in English Literature at Fuad I University, Cairo

Crossword No. 1,240.

Head-hunting.

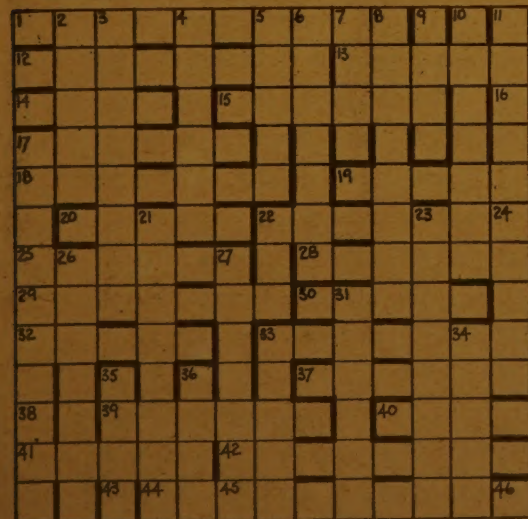
By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 11

The first letter of every light in the diagram is out of place. Thus, if the answer to a clue were BOTTLE, it would be entered as OBTTLLE, OTBTLE, OTTBLE, OTTLBE, or OTTLB.

The diagonals 9-16, 6-24, 1-46, 29-45, 38-43 form an appropriate remark made late in life by Sir Walter Raleigh.



CLUES—ACROSS

- I used to prevent eavesdropping, and yet I tossed dice (10).
- One tortured lad and mother in a field of blood (8).
- West's head is off and not yet mounted (5).
- This wand, with use, will become a loose jacket (4).
- Innermost membrane's various Latin names (6).
- Squeezes skinflints (6).
- Weed-loaf, thin, of Indian meal (7, hyphen).
- Blasted Rain god, go away! Rain god's still here (5).
- Hurrah! Back in a part of Greece (5).
- Alice's illustrator provides softening ingredients (7).
- Cap set back in a snood with intervals between (6).
- White lead; sounds like the main trick (6).
- Deals in gold? Just the opposite gives dazzling bodies (7).
- Though mostly false, it causes a blush (5).
- Dust calling for biennial brushes (5).
- Spear-throwing stick from the beaver fur age (7).
- Is the victim of fratricide female? Yes (6).
- Poetic call to arms by winged Umbrian leaders (6).
- This mournful cry sets off the yellow-bunting (4).
- Try to sway the jury in a simple address (5).
- Torn, rewoven, rewoven (8).
- Underground agents, seen dogging their quarry? (10, hyphen).

DOWN

- Remove by violence, in prairie vernacular (5).
- Four-wheeler drowned in butt of malmsey (8).
- I've had Pluto confounded and reached perfection (6).
- Give tongue with delicacy, once eaten with runcible spoon (5).
- When I join Clio and Co., I'm very dull (7).

- Best British actress of inter-war years (4).
- Some broken skin between the epiblast and hypoblast (8).
- Sounds to signify bearing (4).
- Entangles small cylindrical saws (7).
- Describes a word like a or I—there's nothing to it after the first letter (10).
- We're tops, but intention's cut short in face of dangers (10).
- Young lady's accident at beginning of Easter leads to deformity (8).
- You'll get dry in a short time (3).
- Common epithet for babes and favourites (8, hyphen).
- A wicket to the Spanish—that's a feather in the neck (7).
- Jock's afraid, somehow, at the turning of the lane; must be a gland (7).
- I'll be included in the stake with half of us in an E. Indies island (6).
- Abundant pity takes in love (5).
- With scourges about the nether end, are these a protection? (5).
- Tracts are incomplete contracts (4).
- A superior husband (4).

Solution of No. 1,238

A	O	S	Y	S	U	M	P	P	L	A	N	P
B	R	L	R	U	S	E	L	E	A	L	E	A
C	C	A	R	P	H	A	R	S	T	A	R	
D	H	D	U	P	E	N	E	S	T	E	T	C
E	E	E	D	O	R	T	S	E	A	R	N	H
F	S	E	U	S	E	R	E	V	E	N	E	L
G	T	I	T	I	N	I	C	E	R	A	S	E
H	R	D	S	T	A	B	T	R	O	T	S	A
I	A	E	L	I	C	E	D	A	S	I	A	T
J	T	R	O	O	M	S	E	N	T	E	V	N
K	E	A	R	N	O	T	I	C	A	E	R	Y
L	S	T	E	S	P	Y	L	E	T	S	T	E

NOTES

11. Herrick, 'Delight in Disorder'. 15. Sonnets cvii. 21. 'Don Juan' III, 80.
- Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. A. Hall (Chislehurst); 2nd prize: D. A. Nicholls (Chester); 3rd prize: Mrs. N. Fisher (Minchinhampton)

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